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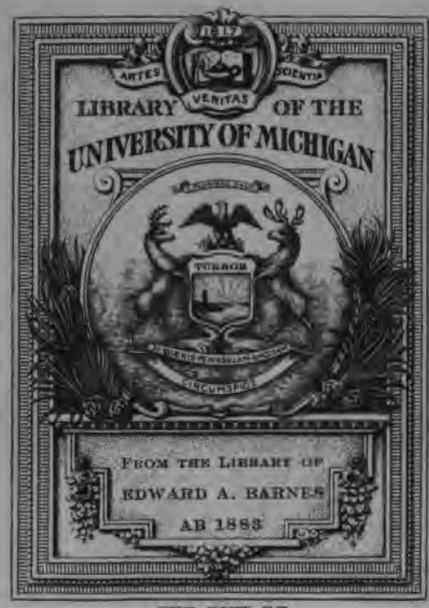

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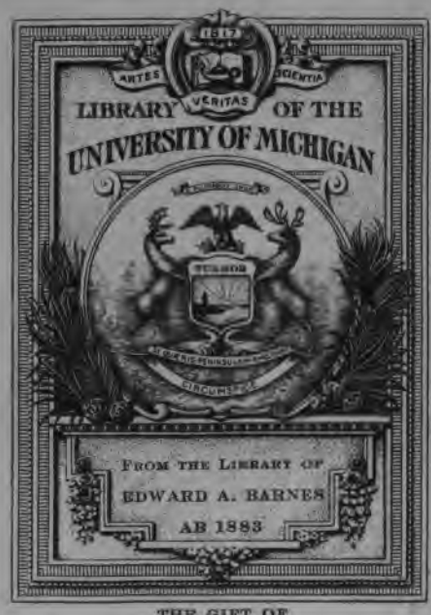

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EDWARD YOUNG D.D.

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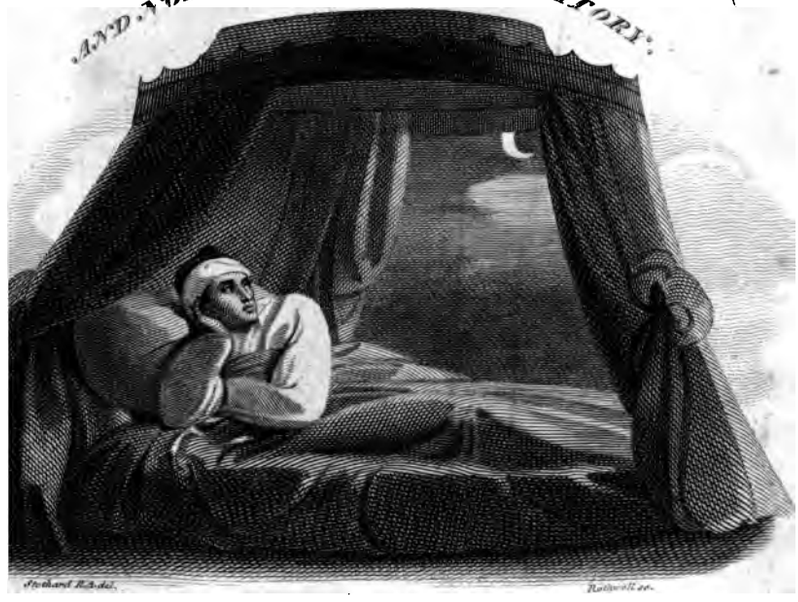
Night Thoughts

by

EDWARD YOUNG, D.D.

With the Life of the Author,

AND NOTES CRITICAL & EXPLANATORY.



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OF THE

AUTHOR

OF

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT

OF

THE AUTHOR.

I THINK the following pieces in four volumes to be the most excuseable of all that I have formerly written; and I wish less apology was needful for these. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republished I have revised and corrected, and rendered them as pardonable, as it was in my power to do.*

* The first edition was in four volumes, but is now comprised in three.

THE

LIFE OF DR. YOUNG.

THE pen of biography cannot be better employed, than in the service of an author, who displayed eminent genius and abilities in the cause of virtue and religion. Such was Dr. Young, the subject of these Memoirs.

His father, whose name was also Edward Young, was Fellow of Winchester College, Rector of Upham in Hampshire, and, in the latter part of his life, Dean of Sarum; chaplain to William and Mary, and afterwards to Queen Ann. Jacob tells us that the latter, when Princess Royal, did him the honour to stand godmother to our poet; and that, upon her ascending the throne, he was appointed Clerk of the Closet to her Majesty.

It does not appear that this gentleman distinguished himself in the Republic of Letters, otherwise than by a Latin Visitation Sermon, preached in 1686, and by two volumes of Sermons, printed in 1702, and which he dedicated to Lord Bradford, through whose interest he probably received some of his promotions. The Dean died at Sarum in 1705, aged 63; after a very short illness, as appears by the exordium of Bishop Burnet's sermon at the Cathedral on the following Sunday. "Death (said he) has been of late walking round

" us, and making breach upon breach upon us, and has now " carried away the head of this body with a stroke; so that " he, whom you saw *a week ago* distributing the holy mys- " teries, is now laid in the dust. But he still lives in the " many excellent directions he has left us, both how to live " and how to die."

Our author, who was an only son, was born at his father's rectory, in 1681, and received the first part of his education (as his father had formerly done) at Winchester College; from whence, in his 19th year, he was placed on the foundation of New College, Oxford; whence again, on the death of the Warden in the same year, he was removed to Corpus Christi. In 1708, Archbishop Tennison nominated him to a law fellowship at All Souls, where, in 1714, he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, and five years afterward that of Doctor.

Between the acquisition of these academic honours, Young was appointed to speak the Latin *Oration* on the foundation of the Codrington Library; which he afterwards printed, with a dedication to the Ladies of that family, in English.

In this part of his life, our author is said not to have been that ornament to virtue and religion which he afterwards became. This is easy to be accounted for. He had been released from parental authority by his father's death; and his genius and conversation had introduced him to the notice of the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton*, and his gay companions, by whom his finances might be improved, but not his morals. This is the period at which Pope is said to have told Warburton, our young author had " much genius without " common sense:" and it should seem likewise, that he possessed a zeal for religion with little of its practical influence; for, with all his gaiety and ambition, he was an advocate for

* At the instigation of this peer, he was once candidate for a seat in Parliament, but without success, and the expences were paid by Wharton.

Revelation and Christianity. Thus when Tindal, the atheistical philosopher, used to spend much of his time at All Souls, he complained: "The other boys I can always answer, be- "cause I know whence they have their arguments, which "I have read an hundred times; but that fellow Young, is "continually pestering me with something of his own."

This apparent inconsistency is rendered the more striking from the different kinds of composition in which, at this period, he was engaged: *viz.* a political Panegyric on the new Lord Lansdowne, and a sacred Poem on The Last Day, which was written in 1710, but not published till 1713. It was dedicated to the Queen, and acknowledges an obligation, which has been differently understood, either as referring to her having been his godmother, or his patron; for it is inferred from a couplet of Swift's, that Young was a pensioned advocate of government:

"Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
"Where Pope will never shew his face,
"Where Y—— must torture his invention,
"To flatter knaves, or lose his pension."

This, however, might be mere report, at this period, since Swift was not over nice in his authorities, and nothing is more common than to suppose the advocate, and the flatterer of the great, an hireling. Flattery seems indeed to have been our poet's besetting sin through life; but if interest was his object, he must have been frequently disappointed: and to those disappointments we probably owe some of his best reflections on human life.

Of his Last Day, (his first considerable performance) Dr. Johnson observes, that it "has an equability and propriety "which he afterwards either never endeavoured for, or never "attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean; "yet the whole is languid: the plan is too much extended,

" and a succession of images divides and weakens the gene-
" ral conception: But the great reason why the reader is dis-
" appointed is, that the thought of The Last Day makes every
" man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a gene-
" ral obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction
" and disdains expression." The subject is indeed truly awful, and was peculiarly affecting to this celebrated critic, who never could, without trembling, meditate upon death, or the eternal world. The poet's theological system, moreover, was not, at least when he wrote this, the most consistent and evangelical: I mean he had not those views of the Christian Atonement, and of pardoning grace, which give such a glory to his Night Thoughts, and would much more have illumined this composition. All the preparation he seems to have there in view, is

" By tears and groans, and never-ceasing care,
" And all the pious violence of prayer,"

to fit himself for the Tribunal. Moreover, the project of future misery is too awful for poetic enlargement, and makes the piece too terrible to be read with pleasure; while the attempt to *particularize* the solemnities of judgment, lowers their sublimity, and makes some parts of the description, as Dr. Johnson has observed, appear mean, and even bordering on burlesque. This poem, however, was well received upon the whole, and the better for being written by a layman; and it was commended by the ministry and their party, because the dedication flattered their mistress and her government—far too much, indeed, for the nature of the subject.

Dr. Young's next poem was entitled, the Force of Religion, and founded on the deaths of Lady Jane Grey and her husband. " It is written with elegance enough," according to Dr. Johnson; but was " never popular:" for " Jane is " too heroic to be pitied." The dedication of this piece to the countess of Salisbury, was also *inexcusably* fulsome,

and, I think, profane. Indeed the author himself seems afterwards to have thought so; for when he collected his smaller pieces into volumes, he very judiciously suppressed this and most of his other dedications.

In some part of his life Young certainly went to Ireland*, and was there acquainted with the eccentrical Dean Swift; and his biographers seem agreed, that this was, most probably, during his connection with the Duke of Wharton, who went thither in 1717. But he cannot have long remained there, as in 1719, he brought out his first tragedy of Busiris, at Drury Lane, and dedicated it to the Duke of Newcastle. This tragedy had been written some years, though now first performed; for it is to our author's credit, that many of his works were laid by him a considerable time before they were offered to the public. Our great dramatic critic pronounces this piece "too far remov'd from known life" to affect the passions.

His next performance was The Revenge, the dramatic character of which is sufficiently ascertained by its still keeping possession of the stage. The hint of this is supposed to have been taken from Othello; "but the reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original."—The success of this induced him to attempt another tragedy, which was written in 1721, but not brought upon the stage for thirty years afterwards; and then without success, as we shall have farther occasion to observe. It has been remarked, that all his plays conclude with suicide†, and I much fear the frequent intro-

* From his seventh satire it appears also, that he was once abroad, probably about this time, and saw a field of battle covered with the slain; and it is affirmed that once, with a classic in his hand, he wandered into the enemy's encampment, and had some difficulty to convince them, that he was only an *absent poet* and not a *spy*.

† Our author seems early to have been enamoured with the Tragic Muse, and with the charms of melancholy. Dr. Ridley relates, that, when at Oxford, he would sometimes shut up his room, and study by a lamp, at mid-day.

duction of this unnatural crime upon the stage, has contributed greatly to its commission.

We have passed over our Author's Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job, in order to bring his dramatic performances together. The Paraphrase has been well received, and has often been printed with his Night Thoughts. This would be admired, perhaps, as much as any of his works, could we forget the original: but there is such a dignified simplicity even in our prose translation of the poetic parts of scripture, that we can seldom bear to see them reduced to rhyme, or modern measures.

His next, and one of his best performances, is entitled, The Love of Fame the Universal Passion, in Seven characteristic Satires, originally published separately, between the years 1725 and 1728. This, according to Dr. Johnson, is a "*very* "*great* performance. It is said to be a series of epigrams, "and if it be, it is what the author intended: His endeavour "was at the production of striking distichs, and pointed sen- "tences; and his distichs have the weight of solid sentiment, "and his points the sharpness of resistless truth. His cha- "racters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with "nicety; his illustrations are often happy, and his reflections "often just. His species of satire is between those of Horace "and Juvenal: he has the gaiety of Horace without his lax- "ity of numbers; and the morality of Juvenal, with greater "variety of images."—Swift indeed has pronounced of these Satires, that they should have been either "more merry, or "more severe:" in that case, they might probably have caught the popular taste more; but this does not prove that they would have been better. The opinion of the Duke of Grafton, however, was of more worth than all the opinions of the wits, if it be true as related by Mr. Spence, that his grace presented the author with two thousand pounds. "Two

"thousand pounds for a poem!" said one of the Duke's friends: to whom his grace replied, that he had made an excellent bargain, for he thought it worth four.

On the accession of George I, Young flattered him with an Ode, called Ocean, to which was prefixed an introductory Ode to the King, and An Essay on Lyric Poetry: of these the most observable thing is, that the poet and the critic could not agree: for the Rules of the Essay condemned the Poetry, and the Poetry set at defiance the maxims of the Essay. The biographer of British poets has truly said, "he had least success in his lyric attempts, in which he seems to have been "under some malignant influence: he is always labouring to "be great, and at last is only turgid."

We now leave awhile the works of our author, to contemplate the conduct of the man. About this time his studies took a more serious turn; and, forsaking the law, which he had never practised, when he was almost fifty he entered into orders, and was, in 1728, appointed Chaplain to the King. One of Pope's biographers relates, that, on this occasion Young applied to his brother poet for direction in his studies, who jocosely recommended Thomas Aquinas, which the former taking seriously, he retired to the suburbs with the angelical doctor, till his friend discovered him, and brought him back.

His Vindication of Providence, and Estimate of Human Life, were published in this year; they have gone through several editions, and are generally regarded as the best of his prose compositions: But the plan of the latter never was completed. The following year he printed a very loyal sermon on King Charles's Martyrdom, entitled, An Apology for Princes. In 1730, he was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire, worth about 300l. a year, beside the lordship of the manor annexed to it. This year he relapsed again to poetry, and published a loyal Naval

Ode, and Two Epistles to Pope, of which nothing particular need be said.

He was married, in 1731, to Lady Elizabeth Lee, widow of Colonel Lee, and daughter to the Earl of Litchfield; and it was not long before she brought him a son and heir.

Sometime, before his marriage, the Doctor walking in his garden at Welwyn, with his lady and another, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak to him. "Tell him," said the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my "situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, and his friend; and as persuasion had no effect on him, they took him, one by the right hand, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate. He then laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable, uttered the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,
"And thus disputed orders sent from Heav'n:
"Like him I go, but yet to go am loth:
"Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
"Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
"His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

Another striking instance of his wit is related in reference to Voltaire: who, while in England, (probably at Mr. Doddington's seat in Dorsetshire) ridiculed, with some severity, Milton's allegorical personages, *Sin* and *Death*; on which Young, who was one of the company, immediately addressed him in the following extemporaneous distich:

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
"Thou seem'st a Milton, with his *Death* and *Sin*."

Soon after his marriage, our author again indulged his poetical vein in two odes, called The Sea Piece, with a Poetical

Dedication to Voltaire, in which the above incident seems alluded to in these lines,

> " On Dorset downs, when Milton's page
> " With *Sin* and *Death* provok'd thy rage."

In 1734 he printed an Argument for Peace, which afterward, with several of his smaller pieces, and most of his dedications, was consigned by his own hand to merited oblivion: in which circumstance he deserves both the thanks and imitation of posterity.

About the year 1741 he had the unhappiness to lose his wife; her daughter by Colonel Lee, and this daughter's husband, Mr. Temple. What affliction he felt for their loss, may be seen in his Night Thoughts, written on this occasion. They are addressed to Lorenzo, a man of pleasure, and of the world; and who, it is generally supposed, was his own son, then labouring under his father's displeasure. His son-in-law is said to be characterized by Philander, and his Lady's daughter was certainly the person he speaks of under the appellation of Narcissa.—(See Night III.) In her last illness, which was a consumption, he accompanied her to Montpellier: or, as Mr. Croft says, to Lyons, in the South of France, at which place she died soon after her arrival.

Being regarded as an heretic, she was denied christian burial, and her afflicted father was obliged to steal a grave, and inter her privately with his own hands*. (See Night III.

---

* I take the liberty of inserting here a passage from a letter written by Mr. W. Taylor, from Montpellier, to his sister, Mrs. Mouncher, in the preceding year 1789, which may be considered as curious, and will be interesting and affecting to the admirers of Dr. Young and his Narcissa:

" I know you, as well as myself, are not a little partial to Dr. Young. Had " you been with me in a solitary walk the other day, you would have shed a " tear over the remains of his dear Narcissa. I was walking in a place called

In this celebrated poem he thus addresses Death:

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
"Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
"And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.

These lines have been universally understood of the above deaths; but this supposition can no way be reconciled with Mr. Croft's dates, who says, Mrs. Temple died in 1736, Mr. Temple in 1740, and Lady Young in 1741. Which quite inverts the order of the poet, who makes Narcissa's death follow Philander's:

"Narcissa follows e're his tomb is clos'd."
Night III.

"the King's Garden; and there I saw the spot where she was interred. Mr. "J——, Mrs. H——, and myself, had some conversation with the gardener "respecting it; who told us, that about 45 years ago, Dr. Young was here with "his daughter for her Health; and that he used constantly to be walking back-"ward and forward in this garden (no doubt, as he saw her gradually declin-"ing, to find the most solitary spot, where he might shew his last token of af-"fection, by leaving her remains as secure as possible from those savages, who "would have denied her a christian burial: for at that time, an Englishman in "this country was looked upon as an heretic, infidel, and devil. They begin "now to verge from their bigotry, and allow them at least to be men, though "not christians, I believe); and that he bribed the under gardener, belonging "to his father, to let him bury his daughter, which he did; pointed out the "most solitary place, and dug the grave. The man, through a private door, "admitted the Doctor at midnight, bringing his beloved daughter, wrapped up in "a sheet, upon his shoulder: he laid her in the hole, sat down, and (as the man "expressed it) '*rained tears!*' 'With pious sacrilege a grave I stole.' The "man who was thus bribed is dead, but the master is still living. Before the "man died, they were one day going to dig, and set some flowers, &c. in this spot "where she was buried. The man said to his master, 'Don't dig there; for, "so many years ago, I buried an English lady there.' The master was much "surprized; and as Doctor Young's book had made much noise in France, it "led him to enquire into the matter; and only two years ago it was known for "a certainty that that was the place, and in this way: There was an English "nobleman here, who was acquainted with the governor of this place; and "wishing to ascertain the fact, he obtained permission to dig up the ground, "where he found some bones, which were examined by a surgeon, and pro-"nounced to be the remains of a human body: this, therefore, puts the authen-"ticity of it beyond a doubt."—See Evan. Mag. for 1797, p. 444.

There is no possible way to reconcile these contradictions: either we must reject Mr. Croft's dates, for which he gives us no authority, or we must suppose the characters and incidents, if not entirely fictitious, as the author assures us that they are not, were accommodated by poetic licence to his purpose. As to the character of Lorenzo, whether taken from real life, or moulded purely in the author's imagination, Mr. Croft has sufficiently proved that it could not intend his Son, who was but eight years old when the greater part of the Night Thoughts was written; for Night the Seventh is dated, in the original edition, July 1744.

For the literary merits of this work we shall again refer to the criticism of Dr. Johnson, which is seldom exceptionable, when he is not warped by political prejudices. "In his Night Thoughts," says the Doctor, speaking of our author, "he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, va-"riegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wil-"derness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters "flowers of every hue, and of every odour. This is one of "the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed "for rhyme, but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of "the sentiments and the digressive sallies of imagination, "would have been compressed and restrained by confinement "to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness, "but copiousness: particular lines are not to be regarded; "the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a "magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantations, the "magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity."

So far Dr. Johnson.—Mr. Croft says, "Of these poems "the two or three first have been perused more eagerly and "more frequently than the rest. When he got as far as the "fourth or fifth, his original motive for taking up the pen "was answered: his grief was naturally either diminished "or exhausted. We still find the same pious poet; but we

" hear less of Philander and Narcissa, and less of the mourner " whom he loved to pity."

Notwithstanding one might be tempted, from some passages in the Night Thoughts, to suppose he had taken his leave of terrestrial things, in the alarming year 1745, he could not refrain from returning again to politics, but wrote Poetical Reflections on the State of the Kingdom, originally appended to the Night Thoughts, but never re-printed with them.

In 1753, his tragedy of The Brothers, written thirty years before, now first appeared upon the stage. It had been in rehearsal when Young took orders, and was withdrawn on that occasion. The Rector of Welwyn devoted 1000l. to " The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," and estimating the probable produce of this play at such a sum, he perhaps thought the occasion might sanctify the means; and not thinking so unfavourably of the stage as other good men have done, he committed the monstrous absurdity of giving a play for the propagation of the gospel! The author was, (as is often the case with authors) deceived in his calculation. The Brothers was never a favourite with the public: but that the society might not suffer, the doctor made up the deficiency from his own pocket.

His next was a prose performance, entitled, "The Cen- " taur not fabulous; in Six Letters to a Friend on the Life " in Vogue." The third of these letters describes the death-bed of " the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accom- " plished, and most wretched Altamont," whom report supposed to be Lord Euston. But whether Altamont or Lorenzo were real or fictitious characters, it is certain the author could be at no loss for models for them among the gay nobility, with whom he was acquainted.

In 1759, appeared his lively " Conjectures on Original " Composition;" which, according to Mr. Croft, appear

" more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, " than of jaded fourscore." This letter contains the pleasing account of the death of Addison, and his dying address to Lord Warwick.—" See how a Christian can die!"

In 1762, but little before his death, Young published his last, and one of his least esteemed poems, "Resignation," which was written on the following occasion:—Observing that Mrs. Boscawen, in the midst of her grief for the loss of the Admiral, derived consolation from a perusal of the Night Thoughts, her friend, Mrs. Montague, proposed a visit to the author, by whom they were favourably received; and were pleased to confess that his "unbounded genius appear- " ed to greater advantage in the companion than even in the " author; that the Christian was in him a character still " more inspired, more enraptured, more sublime than the " poet, and that, in his ordinary conversation,

——" Letting down the golden chain from high,
" He drew his audience upward to the sky."

On this occasion, and at the request of these ladies, the author produced his Resignation, above mentioned, and which has been so unmercifully treated by the critics; but it has, in some measure, been rescued from their hands by Dr. Johnson, who says, "It was falsely represented as a " proof of decayed faculties. There is Young in every " stanza, such as he often was in his highest vigour."

We now approach the closing scene of our author's life, of which, unhappily, we have few particulars. For three or four years before his death, he appears to have been incapacitated, by the infirmities of age, for public duty; yet he perfectly enjoyed his intellects to the last, and even his vivacity; for in his last illness, a friend mentioning the recent decease of a person who had long been in a decline, and observing, that he was quite worn to a *shell* before he died;" Very like,

ly," replied the doctor; "but what is become of the *kernel?*"---He is said to have regretted to another friend, that his Night Thoughts, of all his works most calculated to do good, were written so much above the understanding of common readers, as to contract their sphere of usefulness: This, however, ought not, perhaps, to be regretted, since there is a great sufficiency of good books for common readers, and the style of that work will always introduce it where plainer compositions would not be read.

He died at his Parsonage House, at Welwyn, April 12, 1765, and was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his lady, under the altar-piece of that church; which is said to be ornamented in a singular manner with an elegant piece of needle-work by Lady Young, and some appropriate inscriptions, painted by the direction of the doctor.

His best monument is to be found in his works; but a less durable one, in marble, was erected by his only son and heir, with a very modest and sensible inscription. This son, Mr. Frederick Young, had the first part of his education at Winchester school, and, becoming a scholar upon the foundation, was sent, in consequence thereof, to New College, in Oxford; but there being no vacancy (though the society waited for one no less than two years) he was admitted in the mean time in Baliol, where he behaved so imprudently as to be forbidden the college.* This misconduct disobliged his father so much, that it is said he never would see him afterwards: however, by his will he bequeathed to him the bulk of his fortune, which was considerable,

* Mr. Croft denies this circumstance, and calls the poet's son his *friend*.—He does not, however, pretend to vindicate the conduct of the youth; but he relates his repentance and regret, which is far better. Perhaps it is not possible wholly to vindicate the father. Great genius, even accompanied with piety, is not always most ornamental to domestic life; and "the prose of ordinary occurrences," says Croft, "is beneath the dignity of poets."

reserving only a legacy to his friend Stevens, the hatter at Temple-gate, and 1000l. to his house-keeper, with his dying charge to see all his manuscripts destroyed; which may have been some loss to posterity, though none, perhaps, to his own fame.

Dr. Young, as a christian and divine, has been reckoned an example of primeval piety. He was an able orator, but it is not known whether he composed many sermons; and it is certain that he published very few. The following incident does honour to his feelings: when preaching in his turn one Sunday at St. James's, finding he could not gain the attention of his audience, his pity for their folly got the better of all decorum; he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into a flood of tears.

His turn of mind was naturally solemn; and he usually, when at home in the country, spent many hours walking among the tombs in his own church-yard. His conversation, as well as writings, had all a reference to a future life; and this turn of mind mixed itself even with his improvements in gardening: he had, for instance, an alcove, with a bench so well painted in it, that at a distance it seemed to be real; but upon a nearer approach the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared:

INVISIBILIA NON DECIPIUNT.
The things unseen do not deceive us.

In another part of his garden was also this inscription:

AMBULANTES IN HORTO AUDIERUNT VOCEM DEI.
They heard the voice of God walking in the garden.

This seriousness occasioned him to be charged with gloominess of temper; yet he was fond of rural sports and innocent amusements. He would sometimes visit the assem-

bly and the bowling green; and we see in his satires that he knew how to laugh at folly. His wit was poignant, and always levelled at those who shewed any contempt for decency or religion; an instance of which we have remarked in his extemporary epigram on Voltaire.

Dr. Young rose betimes, and engaged with his domestics in the duties of Morning Prayer. He is said to have read but little; but he noted what he read, and many of his books were so swelled with folding down his favourite passages, that they would hardly shut. He was moderate in his meals, and rarely drank wine, except when he was ill; being (as he used to say) unwilling to waste the succours of sickness on the stability of health. After a slight refreshment, he retired to rest early in the evening, even though he might have company who wished to prolong his stay.

He lived at a moderate expence, rather inclined to parsimony than profusion; and seems to have possessed just conceptions of the vanity of the world; yet (such is the inconsistency of man!) he courted honours and preferments at the borders of the grave, even so late as 1758; but none were then conferred. It has, however, been asserted, that he had a pension of 200l. a year from government, conferred under the auspices of Walpole.

At last, when he was full fourscore, the author of the Night Thoughts,

"Who thought e'en gold itself might come a day too late,"

was made Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. What retarded his promotion so long it is not easy to determine. Some attribute it to his attachment to the Prince of Wales and his friends; and others assert, that the King thought him sufficiently provided for. Certain it is, that he knew no straits in pecuniary matters; and that, in the method he has recommended of estimating human life, honours are of little value.

His merits as an author have already been considered in a review of his works; and nothing seems necessary to be added, but the following general characters of his composition, from Blair and Johnson.

Dr. Blair says, in his celebrated lectures: "Among moral "and didactic poets, Dr. Young is of too great eminence to "be passed over without notice. In all his works, the marks "of strong genius appear. His Universal Passion possesses "the full merit of that animated conciseness of style, and "lively description of character, which I mention as requi- "site in satirical and didactic compositions. Though his "wit may often be thought too sparkling, and his sentences "too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is so great, as to "entertain every reader. In his Night Thoughts there is "much energy of expression; in the three first, there are "several pathetic passages; and scattered through them all, "happy images and illusions, as well as pious reflections, "occur. But the sentiments are frequently over-strained, "and turgid; and the style is too harsh and obscure to be "pleasing."

The same critic has said of our author in another place, that his "merit in figurative language is great, and deserves "to be remarked. No writer, ancient or modern, had a "stronger imagination than Dr. Young, or one more fertile "in figures of every kind; his metaphors are often new, "and often natural and beautiful. But his imagination was "strong and rich, rather than delicate and correct."

These strictures may be thought severe; but it should be remembered, that an author derives far more honour from such a discriminate character, from a judicious critic, than from the indiscriminate commendation of an admirer. The following is the conclusion of Dr. Johnson's critique, and shall conclude these memoirs.

"It must be allowed of Young's poetry, that it abounds "in thought, but without much accuracy or selection.—

" When he lays hold of a thought, he pursues it beyond " expectation, [and] sometimes happily, as in his parallel of " *quicksilver* with *pleasure* . . . . which is very ingenious, " very subtle, and almost exact . . . . . .

" His versification is his own; neither his blank nor his " rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former " writers; he picks up no hemesticks, he copies no favourite " expressions; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought " or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of " the present moment. Yet I have reason so believe that, " when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured " it with very patient industry, and that he composed with " great labour and frequent revisions.

" His verses are formed by no certain model; he is no " more like himself in his different productions than he is " like others, He seems never to have studied prosody, nor " to have any direction, but from his own ear. But with all " his defects, he was a man of genius, and a poet."

P. S. The materials of the above Life are taken from the Article referring to our author in Johnson's Lives of the Poets, written by Mr. Herbert Croft, with the Critique of Dr. Johnson, compared with the Biographia Britannica, and other respectable authorities.

A

POEM

ON

THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies.——VIRG.

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the *Atheist* tremble; Thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shall thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never to return.
Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.
When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The *patriarch* thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around
For ever rising from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heav'n's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll.
Oxon.

T. WARTON.

To a Lady with the Last Day.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye.
O'er the strait limits of *mortality*,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.
Thus did the muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to Virtue's sons alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great:
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.

So the rich soil of *India*'s blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,
Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
Of future judgment, and the rising dead;
Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown;
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan.
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore:
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Coll.
Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

TO

THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS

LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic YOUNG?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay?
On nature's self, destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou canst hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON's system be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From POPE's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE?
Thro' life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like *Sodom*'s fruit:
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;

First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736. *J. BANCK*

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugêre feræ! et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With *Britain*'s Hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's antient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine,
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Is far beneath my daring, I look down
On all the splendors of the *British* crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
Attend me, all the glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis your *Eternal King* I strive to praise.
But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall;
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;
To my great subject Thou my breast inspire,
And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.
Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See spring's gay bloom; see golden autumn's store;
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here, forests rise, the mountains awful pride;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See *Europe*'s law, in *Albion*'s channel ride.

F. Wheatley R.A. delin.t C. Warren Sculp.t

The last Day. Book 1.st line 33. 105

UNI OF M

Published by Vernor & Hood. Poultry.

View the whole earth's vast landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The lab'ring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radient lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period rise, and That decay:
So *vast*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where *constellations* shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all *nature* be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;

While other *Bourbons* rule in other lands,
A (if man's sin forbids not) other ANNES;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;
(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
Tho' God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel Angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind:
None are supinely good: thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.
If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The *trumpet* sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conquest would endear the sight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.
Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flow the terrors of that *day* I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair;
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
While thousand golden planets new no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watry worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendors to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:

Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh save me Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, thro' every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:

Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a distant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less;
Heav'ns! how the *good* man trembles!—
And is there a *Last Day?* and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!

From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals *this?* And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.
For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the light'ning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
Look back with terror on their actions past;

Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
He bridles in the monsters of the deep:
The bridled monsters awful distance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.
But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound;

Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size;
The prophet views the cavern with surprize;
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.
Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountain gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing, which the muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

———Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν.
Λείψανα ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθουσι.

PHOCYL.

i. e

———We hope, that the departed will rise again from the dust: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide ETERNITY I dare be lost.
The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To *teach the swain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to *human kind:*
I sing to men and angels; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,

An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and compleat the frame.
When the world bow'd to *Rome*'s almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to POMPEY, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While JULIUS frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.

The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.
So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wond'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough descend.
The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd or wish'd for, her appointed fate:
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.
Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.
That antient, sacred, and illustrious* dome,
Where soon or late fair *Albion*'s heroes come,

* Westminster Abbey.

From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The swams shall issue, and the hive shall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;

The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay.
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.
Here, *greatness* prostrate falls; there, *strength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* smile; there, beauty hides her face.
Christians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those, whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHLEY! hail, illustrious* names,
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
Beneath your shades, and near your chrystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.

* Founders of New College, Corpus Christi, and All Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.

All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how MICHAEL sung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the Bar.
This mighty scene I next presume to draw;
Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts;
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;

Behold the GOD of *Gods* indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
  Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng:
ADAM salutes his youngest son; no sign,
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.
  How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent!
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days!
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
CÆSAR un-noted in your presence stands.
  How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *Fall;* another *Stand:*
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:

Great XERXES' world in arms, proud *Cannæ's* field
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia's* host,
They All are here, and here they All are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou chuse?
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;

Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
  Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting SON;
Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, *knowledge* shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of *justice* fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!
  Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell:

Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again,
Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast!
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From *him* who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!
And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.
Mistaken CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blasphem'd;
Thou, or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim!
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for Thee.
Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.

One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the chrystal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.
How an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the *Christian* flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the *Sun* shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

" O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
" Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
" Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise.
" My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
" And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
" Oh may my understanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wisdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old winter lay her honours down?

" Not the Great OTTOMAN, or Greater CZAR,
" Not *Europe*'s arbitress of peace and war.
" May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majesty *Divine!*
" Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine:
" Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'st Great ANNE *Thy* sceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the *Morning-Ray*,
" Open with Pray'r, the consecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
" And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of consummate love;
" Nor cease at eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
" My endless worship shall be still begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
" To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets rise,
" Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
" Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
" And shew all nature in a milder light;

" How every boisterous thought in calm subsides!
" How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour sue,
" Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and see the *World* asleep,
" While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep!
" Can'st Thou not shake the centre? Oh! controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
" Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
" Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
" Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
" And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
" Which in *Eternity*'s deep bosom lies!
" At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
" Then wafted upwards to the blissful seat,
" From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my GOD, my *Saviour* see,
" And rival angels in the praise of THEE."

THE

LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat; & mundi moles operosa laboret.

OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next presume to sing: What yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the *Muse* or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!

Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt silence lulls the vaſt expanse:
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her last.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is hear'd.
And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mien!
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight!
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Should'st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;

How would it wound! What millions would'st thou give
For One more trial, One more day to live!
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the *Sun!*—but still of *this* despair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash, sustain against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since ADAM's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast;
Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts *time*'s brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?
How will this truth in BOURBON's palace sound?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.
Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God.

Horrors, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press heav'n's everlasting throne.
Such is the scene; and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis distant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the *guilty* breast,
In these, or words like these, shall be exprest.
" Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And cast me out into the wrath of God;
" Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
" The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
" Must all those pow'rs, heav'n gave me to supply
" My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
" Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
" *Sense, reason, memory*, increase my woe?

" And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *existence* only measure *pain?*
" What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is Love extinguish'd in the Source of Love?
" Bold that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
" Have I not been industrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obstinately broke?
" Pursu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguish'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the slack'ning flame;
" Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend
" The reach of time, despair a distant end?
" With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies?
" *NEVER!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
" Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
" My plunge but still begun—And this for sin?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
" Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?
" Father of mercies! why from silent earth
" Did'st thou awake, and curse me into birth?

" Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
" And make a thankless present of thy light?
" Push into being a reverse of Thee,
" And animate a clod with misery?
" The beasts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vast a pain
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain!
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away!
" As our dire punishment for ever strong,
" Our constitution too for ever young.
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same
" Pow'rful to bear, and satisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd!
" To perish still, and still to be renew'd!
" And this, *My help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.
" And can'st Thou then look down from perfect bliss,
" And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
" Calling Thee Father, in a sea of fire?
" Or pouring blasphemies at Thy desire?
" With mortals anguish wilt Thou raise *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold in Thy rage,
" Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:

" Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame;
" But lose me in the greatness of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
" Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at least
" This one, this slender, almost *no* request;
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
" Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire."
Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempests; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.
The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;

To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.
  But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame.
  The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
And darted downward, set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd *Æther* choke,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame: It spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky:
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier *Atlas*, fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow, so lately, spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.
Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd *Britannia:* Can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel say, Where ran proud *Asia*'s bound?
Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste *Lybia?* Where did *India*'s shore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom ADAM's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n's their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six day's work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *soul*
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Cast down to nothing, such a vast expence.
Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprizes through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with freſh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.

Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait:
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous GOD,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And GOD shine forth in one *Eternal* DAY.

THE

FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A

POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

THE

FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK I.

—— Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My muse descend: Indulge my fond desire;
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere *Ormond*, or her glorious QUEEN, was born:
When now *Maria's* pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK's race
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.
But how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid, to *know*:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.
At length, with troubled thought, but look se
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.
" Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost;
" What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
" A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain
" A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.

J. Wheatley Esq.r P.A. del.t

J. Scott sculp.t

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" Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal; and return above;
" Above, where no distinction shall be known
" 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
" And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
" Shone forth in all the splendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
" I lately was a Queen; I still am so,
" While GUILFORD's Wife: Thee rather I *obey*,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
" When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
" Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miss in empire, add in love—
" Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning spoke,
" For this alone Him pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
" Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."
Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head:
Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.

His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
Now, silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the vision of a day.
Thus, in the *British* clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend;
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise:
For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:

Black thoughts, each morn, invade the *Lover*'s breast,
Each night, a ruffian locks the *Queen* to rest.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But SUFFOLK's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid:
To succour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
Address'd her God—"Almighty pow'r Divine!
" 'Tis thine to raise, and to depress, is Thine;
" With honour to light up the name unknown,
" Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
" In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
" And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
" I'll bear it well: (O strengthen me to bear!)
" And if my piety may claim thy care;
" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
" And tumult of a court, a Future State;
" O favour, when thy mercy I implore
" For *one* who never guilty sceptre bore!

No little GUILFORD, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
Who, when her *dearest father* shall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the bless'd *Indian* of his care beguile.
In vain these various reasons jointly press,
To blacken death, and heighten her distress;
She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her sight
To the bless'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace: To weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, she recommends;
Unmov'd herself: Her foes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She soars; now nought on earth detains her care——
But GUILFORD; who still struggles for his share.
Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward from the seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heav'n she seeks will be her GUILFORD's shield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:

Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
'Till life and sorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A Victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past!
A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.
Celestial *Patience!* how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate!
While *Passion* takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.
Now *she* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.

Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn; The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the *Zealot*'s heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas! should GUILFORD too—When now she's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heav'n's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears—
But not to chear her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows, and the damps away;
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.
  Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;

But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

THE

FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptra reponis? VIRG.

HER GUILFORD clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath,
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And GUILFORD too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her *father*'s death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
Ah! GUILFORD, she began, and would have spoke;
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.
So the youth lost *his* image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,

What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness lauguish o'er our woe.
This GUILFORD prov'd; and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair: Sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief; "My life, forbear!
" You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel tear:
" Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own;
" Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone.
" Have you beheld, how, from the distant main,
" The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
" And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore;
" There burst their noisy pride, and are no more?
" Thus the successive flows of human race,
" Chas'd by the coming, the preceding, chase;
" They sound, and swell, their haughty heads they rear;
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
" Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay;
" And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
" Why should you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis most unkind;
" Your *own* you bore with an unshaken mind:
" And which, can you imagine, was the dart
" That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
" I cannot live without you; and my doom
" I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—

" And are again your tears profusely spilt!
" Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt;
" It foils itself, if it recall your pain;—
" Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
" The load which fate imposes, you increase;
" And help MARIA to destroy my peace."
But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more she mourn'd:
Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind:
Her sorrow flow'd in streams; nor Her's alone,
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal state;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the *Queen*'s command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state:
She forms the *decent* misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
A spacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky:
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only shews the darkness of the room.
A shining axe is on the table laid;
A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade.
In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind!

A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd, every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
Then GUILFORD, thus abruptly; "I despise
" An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
" Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
" But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCLESIAN where,
" Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping, fair?
" Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
" In full possession of thy snowy hand!
" And, thro' th' unclouded chrystal of thine eye,
" The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!
" Till rapture reason happily destroys,
" And my soul wanders through immortal joys!
" Give me the world, and ask me, where's my bliss?
" I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This.*
" And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no more:
But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, sees, in sad *presaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!
Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly bless'd!
For who, but GUILFORD, could be thus distress'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the *Brave* or *Fair.*

Was ever such a mournful, moving, sight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like *Isis* and her *Thames*, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statues of despair:
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again.
Mean time, the QUEEN new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they *only* should bleed,
A priest is sent; who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into SUFFOLK's heart;
And GUILFORD drank it: Hanging on the breast,
He from his childhood was with *Rome* possest.
When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind,
Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
"Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horror thrills through every vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent;
And her soul trembles for the great event.
The prieſt proceeds: "Embrace the faith of *Rome*,
"And ward your own, your lord's and father's doom."

Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now *first* she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid GUILFORD bleed?—It must not, cannot be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature; and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vig'rous *youth* can break,
And a chill blast the hardy *warrior* shake,
Yet are we strong: Hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more;
The light'ning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raise our humble names;
'Tis *our* JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns; as long
As He shall reign Almighty, We are strong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heav'n, by fervent pray'r;
And call forth triumph out of *man*'s despair.
  Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then, bright'ning, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms——"

Here, GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as swift as light'ning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone:* He beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul exprest:
" O! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
" And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!
" Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
" In pity to thyself, forget the past!
" Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
" Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear:
" Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
" Empires were vile; and Fate could give no more;
" That to *continue*, was its utmost pow'r,
" And make the future like the present hour.
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword
" Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
" Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),
" And stain his honour with a *Traitor*'s name.
" *This* might perhaps be borne without remorse;
" But sure a *father*'s pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave descend?
" His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
" Wash a slave's feet, and smoak upon the ground?

" But he to you has ever been severe;
" Then take your vengeance"—SUFFOLK now drew near;
Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepid winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring:
Downward he cast a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly spoke,
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That axe can only rob *me* of a day;
" For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
" And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain?
" When you shall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard:
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard;
He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the *Queen* brib'd you to distress her foe?
O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky!
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,

When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind;
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies!
  While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headless trunks, of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale;
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal?
  She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pious state:
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky:
  " Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great*;
" I joy I cannot save you; and have giv'n
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my own, to heav'n,

" If so the queen decrees * :—But I have cause
" To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy still, for you in store:
" With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
" He shot his sting in *that* farewell-embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let mistaken sorrow be supprest,
" Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
She, smiling, says, " My victory complete:
" And tell your *Queen*, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:
" A poor return I leave in *England*'s crown,
" For everlasting pleasure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt,—the *only* vengeance in her pow'r."
Not *Rome*, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late.

* Here she embraces them.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

——— *Fulgente trahit constrictos* gloria *curru.*
Non minus ignotos generosis. HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that Satire may not do much good: Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others: It is much *to be feared*, that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions, *Ethics*, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a *Satire* on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that

Satire is in verse too: Nay, in the first Ages, Philosophy and Poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: So that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, *Historians* themselves may be considered as Satirists, and Satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: And that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: An unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: For to reason we owe our passions: Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: And the *Cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, *Laughing Satire* bids the fairest for success: The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an Author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of Satire only has any de-

licacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the best master: He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a passion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The last of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. *Boileau* has joined *both* the *Roman* Satirists with great success; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all.

An excellent critic of our own commends *Boileau's* closeness, or, as he calls it, *Pressness*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose Satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the *Merit*, if not the *Wit*, of *Cervantes* and *Rabelais?* The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion

to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it, is, * *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the *weak*, in some *Bœotia*, which was the land of oracles; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities;* but not with equal success: For though ambiguities, are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

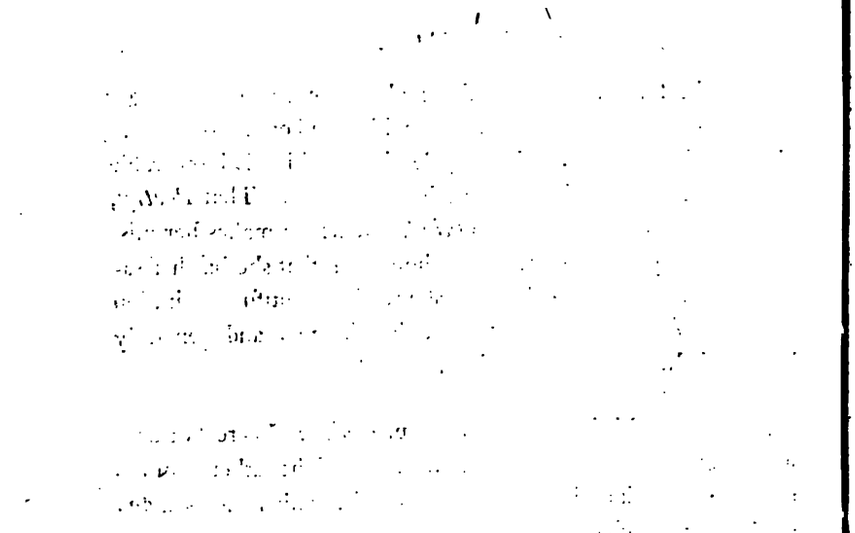
Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a *Wit* a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato's* fable of the birth of *Love;* one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *Poetry*. *Love*, says he, is the son of the goddess *Poverty*, and the god of *Riches:* He has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: From his *mother*

* Val. Max.

he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours: that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That *Poetry*, like *Love*, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical *quiver;* and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her *father*'s family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However, this is not *necessity* but *choice:* Were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.



SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DORSET.

——— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire; DORSET, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a muse you cannot *fear*.
To poets sacred is a DORSET's name:
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame:
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to *B——e*, or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of you.
Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in *Britain*'s skilful hand;
When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And *South-sea* treasures are not brought to light;

When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's *Grace* to *Wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall *Panegyric* reign, and *Censure* cease?
Shall *Poesy*, like *Law*, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*?
Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?
Why slumbers POPE, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in ADDISON, is fled;
CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.
Doubly distrest, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly * *Roman*'s shining path to tread,
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?

* HORACE.

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise,
What will not men attempt for *sacred praise?*
The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells:
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.
Here, to *S——e's humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at *P—y's eloquence.*
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in sable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs.*
What is not *proud?* The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book;
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title *T*—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But *T*—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A*'s *depos'd*, and *B* with pomp *restor'd*.
Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *glass* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?
Polite diseases make some idiots *vain*
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold ALPHONSUS his Creator blame?
EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning steep:
And (stronger still!) made ALEXANDER weep.

Nay, it holds DELIA from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.
This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes GLOBOSE a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin!
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great HOMER! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of *British* fools.
Satire! had I thy DORSET's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all *Westminster* should plead,
And for the laſt, all *Gresham* intercede.
BEGIN. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.

Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
DORSET, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.
Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* stone;
Mean sons of earth, who, on a *South-sea* tide
Of full success, swarm into *wealth* and *pride*;
Knock with a purse of gold at ANSTIS' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause!*
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.
BELUS with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, *C——dos* he'll out-do;
And, *B—l—ton*, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd; ev'ry toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain*, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies PYGMALION's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not *F—t—n's* self more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good *P—b—ke* more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.
"No, sirs," he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail;
"Shall *Grecian* arts be truck'd for *English* bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *busto's* laugh:
His daughter starves; but * CLEOPATRA's safe.
Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *curious* when we swear you're *mad*.
By your revenue measure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess*;
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.

* A famous statue.

But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
" What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
" How comes it then to pass we see preside
" On both their brows an equal share of *pride?*
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like AARON's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids *resign;* and turn their wands,
Like MOSES', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
To boast of merely being *out* or *in*.
What numbers *here*, through odd ambition strive,
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood;
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely drest by * MONTEUIL, and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face:

* A famous Taylor.

Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,
Put off at night, with Lady *B*——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.
What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance.
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like, support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create:
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of there woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there:*
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still;

Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room.*
The *Squire* is *proud* to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear HIPPOLITUS (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a *Chrismas*-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon his back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? Let RINGWOOD's fame alone;
Just RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypsey *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.
Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task renew:
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords, to SCR—PE discreetly bend;
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his *friend.*
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At *Bath*, in *summer*, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass?

Is there a tongue, like DELIA's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?

SATIRE II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage.
And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.
So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
* HIPPOLITUS demands the *sylvan* crown;
But FLORIO's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!

* This refers to the first Satire.

Love of Fame. Satire 2.d line 42.d

XIV.
OF
MIC

Pu[illegible] & Hood, Poultry.

Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make * *Paul Diack* rise.
From morn to night has FLORIO gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape! What hue! Was ever nymph so fair!
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies FLORIO down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, ADAM was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and mist it, one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flow'r?"
Serene, quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas crusht by me;
"Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dst thy knee."
But all men want *amusement*; and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.
We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:

* The name of a tulip.

But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another FLORIO doating on a flower;
A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.
With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy smit?
The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And EPICTETUS is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee! bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And T——N, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for sport alone, and not for *game*.
If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books LORENZO long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran

When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
LORENZO sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair,
  Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is CODRUS' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought*;
And to this cost another must succeed
To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen;
But leaves to —— what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *sense*.
  O——, whose accomplishments make good
The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour!* and the finest *taste!*
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity*.
  By your example would HILARIO mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit.
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his sense;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He spares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh.*
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart,*
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword;*
And never on the *weak;* or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here.*
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen;
Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jester,* when the joke's *unkind.*
Since MARCUS, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a *just* offence to MARCUS gave,
Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *Fool,* or *Knave?*
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who;*
No mask so good, but MARCUS must shine through:
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing *well:*
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own.*

* Letters sent to the author, signed MARCUS.

Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine to be *fools*;
Through spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
Quite zealous in the way of *heaviness*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"*He's a wit*."
Poor *negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spite
To cacodemons, say, they're *dev'lish white*.
LAMPRIDIUS, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief!* one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son;
And by Heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *lisp*; another *not* to see;

Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue,
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.
CRASSUS, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the sage support.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
Then quotes the *Stagyrite*, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."
Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But muſt he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.
These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body*'s wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And by this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *sot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen*;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, ——, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face?*
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone?

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau.*
Of late at WHITE's was young FLORELLO seen!
How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain.*

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *silver lace*,
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
ST——PE in wit, in breeding D—L—E.

Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his *Tyrian* dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.
MOROSE is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
*And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out**.
He scorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes:
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

* MILTON.

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass;
While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.
" But who art Thou?" methinks FLORELLO cries;
" Of all thy species art Thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor shalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last*:
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what so foolish as the chance of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more.
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, DODINGTON, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three:*
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend;*
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er.
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;

Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse;
And from sour critics vindicate the muse.
" Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy, (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries,
" Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.
One judges *as* the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:

Another judges by a surer gage
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste:
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May*;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*;
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
APICIUS, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare;*
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great,*
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.
To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs.*
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And *H——y*'s eyes unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
NIGER adopts stray libels; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threescore,
Belyes his innocence, and keeps a whore
Absence of mind BRABANTIO turns to fame,
Learns to *mistake,* nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget.*
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the patents,* that create them sots.
As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow imfamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can ev'n Satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful *Britain!* doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
Tho' PHOEBUS and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
'Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A WELCH descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a DUTCHMAN's epigram.
When, cloy'd in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See TITYRUS, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth?
Some vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houses* some: nay, houses that they *hire:*
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous *wife;*
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.
Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their airs
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears;*
Then, stranger still, on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind.*
To shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too!

VINCENNA knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprize.
" To err," says he, " in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, *he's exact in great.*
" My *stile*," says he, " is rude and full of faults."
But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!
That he wants algebra, he must confess!
But not a soul to give our arms success.
" Ah; That's an hit indeed," *Vincenna* cries;
" But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
" I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,
" To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;
" All say, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny;
" Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, *Vincenna*, could deceive in *thee;*
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.
Be wise *Vincenna*, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make.
Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*

With painful art and application warm,
And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;
Enough to keep *two shoes* on *Sunday* clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly, in *Sheer Lane*.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
If *merit* sues; and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, PHILANDER, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possest:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast;
For, lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their taste would lessen if the prices fell,
And SHAKESPEAR's wretched stuff do quite as well;

Away the disinchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that *English* is their mother tongue.
To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these PHILOMELS are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The *Legislature* join'd with *Drury-Lane!*
When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
" Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth, of *politeness* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.
Great, chosen prophet! For these latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, H——k, dost thou thy *master* serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.
Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman* shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice;*
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids!*
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred heads of *cuckolds* may suffice.

Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
  See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings!*
  Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths like these,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a *Satire*, which gave none *offence!*
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.
  How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice
If blest with pliant, tho' but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face;

A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and *virtue* they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the *great.*
To *merit,* is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refusing what you ought to gain.
May, DODINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view;
By WALPOLE's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here,* those awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad* with such success obey'd:
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious *Woodbine* grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs;
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious verse, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, COMPTON, born o'er senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The *Crown*'s asserter, and the *People*'s friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the *muse;*
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire,*
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire.*
Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous CHREMES is with spleen undone;
CHREMES, for airy pensions of *renown,*
Devotes his service to the *State* and *Crown;*
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain*'s thankless, still *this patriot* loves;

But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sun-shine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A *quid nunc* is an *almanack* of State.
You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use:
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,
Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate *Not Content* can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.
What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things:
Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own estate*,
And thence has undertaken *Europe*'s fate.
GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once a *Bible*, and a *shoulder-knot*;
Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed:
Howe'er well bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.
Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?

While the sunshines, BLUNT talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars *small-beer*, and *weak discourse*.
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *Mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a *Clarke*:
Let but the logick in his *pulse* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* to well.
C——, who makes so merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.
NARCISSUS the *Tartarian club* disclaims;
Nay, a *Free-mason*, with some terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* say,
He miss'd, these many years, the *Church*, or *Play*:
He makes no noise in *Parliament*, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,

Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When *Ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
NARCISSUS is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
  To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right and *passion* to be wrong.
  To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
What other men dislike, is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing *ill*.
ARB—T is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S—LY will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of friends;
They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush, if you surprize them in the *right*;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Q——Y is fair.
  Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*,
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;

Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shewn,
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* enhances,
And ASHMOLE's baby-house, is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru!*
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which JOSEPH *never* wore!
He shews, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen BESS's chin.
" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
" Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,
" Was ever year unblest as *this?*" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly!*"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
Unhappy I——Y! how came *you* to please;
Not gaudy butterflies are LICO's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the same;
Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate:*
Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find
Or LICO, or their *shadows*, lag behind;
He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,
Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun;*
As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught;

But after seven years dance, from place to place,
The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave:
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
To loll or *thump* it, for his better ease;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon or night, bespoke,
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, *Chimney sweep*, or drive a *plough?*
With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close!*
Scarce meaner they, who terms like these, *impose.*
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or antient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.

* A *Danish* dog of the duke of *Argyle*.

" B—LE shines in council, M——T in the fight,
" P—L—M's magnificent; but I can write,
" And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
'Till some good whispers in his tingling ear,
That *fame*'s unwholesome taken without *meat*,
And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*:
Grown *lean* and *wise*, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which sons of dullness *eat*?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

Ye bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by PHOEBUS' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your *spectres* haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that *excrescence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will sprout, altho', the poet's *dead*.

All other trades *demand*, verse-maker's *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper*'s fashion,
Exposes *borrow'd brats* to move *compassion*.
Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle DAMON is my *friend*.

" I'st then a crime to *write?*"—If talent rare
Proclaim'd the god, the crime is to *forbear:*
For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
A——LE true wit is studious to restore;
And D——T smiles, if PHOEBUS smil'd before;
P——KE in years the long-lov'd arts admire,
And HENRIETTA like a muse inspires.
But ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can posses *alive!*
Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious LINTOT knows so well,
He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell.*
That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another can reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags;*
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags.*
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold;*
The first young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
Shall match the veriest huncks in *Lombard-street,*
From rescu'd candles' ends, who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a *penny* to a *plumb.*

A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their *land.*
For love, young, noble, rich, CASTALIO dies:
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail,—but *half* a *crown.*
He glories to late times to be convey'd
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd* but *made:*
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd?
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull sheriff,* for his *golden chain.*
" Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not *fight:*
All soldiers *valour,* all divines have *grace,*
As maids of honour *beauty,*—by their *place:*
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge,* and *half absolves* his sword.
Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid:*
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch, destroy:*
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
AUGUSTUS' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak,
The ROMAN would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all *God*'s works! Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!——— MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.
The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since satyrizing *those* is praising *thee*;
Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

BRITANNIA's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish so the sated sight;
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, *Parks*, coarse feasts in *City-halls*,
Lectures, and *Trials*, *Plays*, *Committees*, *Balls*,
Wells, *Bedlams*, *Executions*, *Smithfield* scenes,
And *Fortune-tellers* Caves, and *Lions* Dens,
Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, *Drawing-rooms*,
Installments, *Pillories*, *Coronations*, *Tombs*,
Tumblers, and *Funerals*, *Puppet-shows*, *Reviews*,
Sales, *Races*, *Rabbets*, (and still stranger!) *Pews*.
CLARINDA's bosom burns, but burns for *Fame*;
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like *April* suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spite!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph* not the *prize*.
ZARA resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:

F. Wheatley Esq.r R.A. Del.

J.s Dadley Sculp.t

Love of Fame. Satire 5.th Line 33.d

Published by Vernor & Hood Poultry.

Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In ——CLEOPATRA, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy ZARA, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.
Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,
Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows—*that her great-grandfather is dead*.
A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—*to hear*:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *shews* or *makes*, you both polite and wise.
XANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs, who nought can say,
" Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
" And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
" By tame behaviour, and a soft address;"
Through *virtue she* refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen XANTIPPE, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*:
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.
I'st not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise?*
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate!*
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On *folly's* errands, as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home!
Men drop so fast, e're life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive* as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.
How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tendernes! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.
The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Master* BETTY leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miss* CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd steed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And FOBERT has the forming of the *Fair*.
More than *one* steed must DELIA's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong!
Graceful as JOHN, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:
SESOSTRIS like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, *swim*, *shoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely DAPHNE reigns;
Again the god APOLLO wears her chains:

With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair.*
Had lovely DAPHNE HECATESSA's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes.*
" But hold," she cries, " lampooner! have a care;
" Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?"
O no: see STELLA; her *eyes* shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could DAPHNE publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense,*
Nor is't sanction for *impertinence.*
SEMPRONIA lik'd her man; and well she might;
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *threescore,*

The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear:
Of pride, and *av'rice*, who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgments true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy, and pride, seek things at vast expence,
Which relish not to *reason* nor to *sense*.
When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,
In *nature*'s narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In *fancy*'s airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow;
Like cats in air pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
LEMIRA's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curtsies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always so:
"Diversions put her maladies to flight:
"True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night:
"I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in *June*:
"And, tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight Park is sov'reign for a *cold*:
"With *cholics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir *Hans*,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:

For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's pill.*
Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines, fell CIBBER waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * *Veny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
" Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? " Because 'twas *night.*"
Did she then dance, or play? Nor this, nor that."
Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
" No, all alone, her *pray'rs* she rather chose;
" Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady CYNTHIA, mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.
Other's with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five.*
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day she shines in glossy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:

* Lap-dog.

Yet LAURA's beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lily*, and the *rose*.
How gay *they* smile! Such blessings *nature* pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desart trace,
And *waste* their music on the savage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *art*'s deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such FULVIA's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be press'd to death, transports her quite:
Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
Black kennels' absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we stray;
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,

Which choak our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the *next*;
There too the *Muses* sport; these numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.
There sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:
Their sacred force AMELIA feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, AMELIA weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On DURFEY's poesy, and BUNYAN's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
PHOEBE, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness:
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday!*

" And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!"
Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow:
But she dares never boast the *present* hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For such is or our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As FLAVIA in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lyes;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd,
The morning came, when STREPHON, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
" What miracle," says STREPHON, " makes thee weep?"
" Ah, barb'rous man!" she cries, "how could you—*sleep?*"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*?
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress, and our meat away:

But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal Love let man, then, never swear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair*;
Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger and Love are foreign to the *will*.
  There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfashionable set
Is PHYLLIS; PHYLLIS and her DAMON met.
Eternal Love exactly hits her taste;
PHYLLIS demands eternal love at *least*.
Embracing PHYLLIS with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal Love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my *All*, my *Mistress*, and my *Friend!*
What day dext week th' *Eternity* shall *end?*
  Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love*:
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to ROWLEY flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, POITIER, thy sublunary dance:
Of DESAGULIER she bespeaks fresh air;
And WHISTON has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and NEWTON is a sot.

To ——— turn; she never took the height
Of SATURN, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart, sincere;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, severe;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress?*
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church*'s welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *sine-cure:*
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good.

What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *sew* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower*!
The *young* and *gay* declining, APPIA flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise*:
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it *promises*—and *pays*.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,

Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; *anon* we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun*;
And yet in females scales a fop out-weighs,
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain LIBERIA's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*,
If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.
The *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the *Alps*—that is, ascend the *stairs*.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* stile;

And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*:
But chew she must herself; ah cruel fate!
That ROSALINDA can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heav'n!) against the *poison* of their eyes.
THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By JOVE, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian System, is prophane.

But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier,
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When JOVE deputes a lady in his stead?
A *lady*! pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.
  Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for *failings* take pecular pains.
With *Chinese* painters modern *toasts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and *toss* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady *D*———'s self will be polite.
  Ye rising fair! ye bloom of *Britain*'s isle!
When high-born ANNA, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.

Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
But adoration! give me something *more*,
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threescore:*
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old.*
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but other's doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.
O how unlike her is the sacred age
Of prudent PORTIA! *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine.

That, and that *only*, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly some are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* some decay,
And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;
'Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.
Where's PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *passion* toss it to and fro;
Awhile torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills; the *boldest* are afraid;
Where then is safety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.

If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:
Then please the *Best*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Art on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *simple* manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *shew* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst:
To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire;
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promise bliss *to come*,

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
APOLLO whisper'd in my ear—" GERMAIN."—
I know her not.—" Your reason's somewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
" Men write to *me*, and to the *world* unknown;
" Then steal great names, to shield them from the town.
" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
" To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:
" Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;

You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from ZINCKS more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.
LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *profane*;
To *Church* as constant as to *Drury-lane*.
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
Curtsies to curtsies, then, with grace succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the *Creed*.
Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *speak*;
Thro' dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
SATAN himself will toll the parish bell.
Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
DRUSA receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this *Vesta*, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* wou'd *turn you*, while she *shifts*.
Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.

There is no *woman, where* there's no *reserve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve.*
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit.*
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
" Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough *Russian* bear,"
First *make your will,* and then *converse* with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence;
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence.*
To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight;
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*;
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad.*
Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.
FLAVIA is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want;
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt,* above the *marriage-bed.*
AMASIA hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she *is,* she'll not *appear* a saint:

* SHAKESPEARE.

Her soul superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.
Unmarried ABRA puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
" *Who would not think that* ABRA *was a maid?*"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
LAVINIA will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.
LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *ideot*, but she eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness,
The rude *material: wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.
If TULLIA had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.

With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.
For pleasure form'd perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
LESBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.
MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"*How charming this!*"—The pleasure lasted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more!
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.
Anxious MELANIA rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:

Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
" You went last night with CELIA to the ball."
You prove it false. " Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare!
How would MELANIA be surpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd! and yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist*, tho' not exceeding fair.
ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.

" Folks are so aukward! Things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*,
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distrest,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.
Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
Thou *shining, frail, ador'd* and *wretched* thing?
Old-age *will* come; disease *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.
JULIA's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*;
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies supreme among amusements reign;
By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*.

Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise?*
SYRENA is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.
BRUNETTA's wise in actions great, and rare;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.
Go breakfast with ALICIA, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree:
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For H——Y the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor, cruel R——D, the first *toast*, for thee.

Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female sloven* is an odious sight.
Fair ISABELLA is so fond of *fame*,
That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
" Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.
Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises ourrenown;
Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it *should* procure.
Whom praise we *most?* The virtuous, brave, and wise?
No; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.
And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all:*
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.

Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.
  But CLIO thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.
"DAPHNIS," says CLIO, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
"ASPASIA's shape indeed—But then her air—
"The man has parts who finds destruction there.
"ALMERIA's wit has something that's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!
"SELINA serves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it said SELINA's near threescore?
"At LUCIA's match I from my soul rejoice;
"The world congratulates so wise a choice;
"His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
"But mortgages will sap the best estate.
"In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear;
"But then—she has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, HORTENSIA she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to pass?—She dy'd last night.
  Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such praise* prevail.
And whence such praise? Our virulence is thrown
On *others'* fame, thro' fondness for our *own*.
  Of rank and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns?*

Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*;
And quite as much detested as a *wit*.
Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of state*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languish! oh support them with a *lye!*
A *decent competence* we fully taste;
It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,

To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
  But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold a price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* streams diffusively they bless;
And, while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
But Satire is my task; and *these* destroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G——N:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
  What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is't ASTURIA? that affected dame.
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In ALBUCINDA's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.

Here might I sing of MEMMIA's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:
How two red lips affected *Zephyrs* blow,
To cool the *Bohea*, and inflame the *Beau:*
While one white *finger* and a *thumb*, conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As LETHE, dreadful to the *Love of Fame.*
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of characters supplies
Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a *female* feast.
But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine;*
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
CITRONIA's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give CITRONIA's nose the lie? *
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass;
As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

* —— *Solem quis dicere falsum*
Audeat? VIRG.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O JUVENAL! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er *Law* and *Gospel* too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for *none*, but for their *wives;*
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?
What swarms of am'rous *grandmothers* I see!
And misses, *antient* in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence;

Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times;
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell;*
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listens less to C——NS, than St. *Paul.*
Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who start at *feathers,* from an *insect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity.*
But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
" From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with shame at thought of being *good!*
For what will ARTIMIS, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?
They heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Thro' cowardice, most execrably brave.

With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.
Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own:
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty——to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady*'s soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.—
Devoutly, thus JEHOVAH they depose,
The *pure!* the *just!* and set up, in his stead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred*.
" Dear T—L—N! besure the best of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.
" Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
" Poor SATAN! doubtless, he'll at length be sav'd.
" Let priests do something for their One in Ten;
" It is their *trade*; so far they're honest men.
" Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
" And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black*;
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.

" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *untyth'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:*
" Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOCAUT?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane.*
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face?*
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms,* the more she *shocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep;
They sleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.
" Poor K—P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there
" These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—P's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—thro' *charity.*
Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite,*
I less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *short* beings shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.

* SHAKESPEARE.

We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to heav'n alone.
See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadil*:

And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O scene of horror, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich ATRIDES' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? And whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?
What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my lady *play'd.*
But wanders not my Satire from my theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
'Twas first a *vain devotion* to the *mode;*
Nor cease we *here,* since 'tis a vice so strong,
The torrent sweeps all womankind along;
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.
If sin you must, take nature for your guide:
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride:
Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r!
Can nothing *ravish,* but a *golden show'r?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize;
Must CUPID learn to *punt,* ere he can *please?*
When your're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast,*
What can the *preacher* more to make us *chaste?*

Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd——*from play,*
Why pine the *marry'd*—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—*estate.*
FLAVIA, at lovers false, *untouch'd* and *hard,*
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor ARRIA's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep *that stake,* in justice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuff sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the Fair;
Or give us *sons,* and save us from despair.
  Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen,* close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose:*
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong.*
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chastise, you would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole.*
  The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain,* turn your sight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law!
Midst empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue,* and of *art!*

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.
* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* MILTON.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus. VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, WALPOLE! or the *Nine* inspire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where BRUNSWICK's glory crowns the whole design!
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.
How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee!
Say, *Britain!* whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?

The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her *arts* triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shews the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.
The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.
The *Grecian* chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, *Olympus!* and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd *hosts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What wasted *countries!* and what crimson *seas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform
Their mighty deeds: they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.
One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A *nation* crush'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph* made!
How guilty these! Yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way:
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;

All real kindness for the shew discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' Grace,
" With open arms their enemies embrace:"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
" The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
WALPOLE! when men forget to copy thee.
Here cease, my Muse! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.
Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.
How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.
How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And ev'ry vice is to the scripture laid.
How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
His sins to LUCIFER not half so dear.
How VERRES is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguish is another's sport;
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.
This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for TONSON's at the gate.
The love of Fame in its *effect* survey'd,
The Muse has sung; be now the *cause* display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence, came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
It bids ARGYLE in fields and senates shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is seen
How kind a pattern POLLIO *might* have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools*;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?
(For though in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.
AMBITION, in the *truly noble mind*,
With Sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt*, and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,

That not more like in feature and in mien,
* The god and mortal in the comic scene.
False JULIUS, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.
No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:
All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.
Ye *vain!* desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life,
The *true* ambition there alone resides,
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state;
Our *purpose* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'st thou be *fam'd?* Have those high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.
Behold a Prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame!*
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;

* AMPHITRYON.

From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *sudden* foe to splendor and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.
From one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the *Rhone*, and sounding *Po*; there shine,
In infant rills, the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.
In BRUNSWICK such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half *Europe* pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and GEORGE are *rivals* for the fame;
GEORGE! who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.
* Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.
Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
Stiles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.
While *sea* and *air*, great BRUNSWICK! shook our State,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear,
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,

* The king in danger by sea.

How did BRITANNIA, like * ACHILLES, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the storm!
What felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm!
Our PALINURUS † slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since enur'd to wake,
And out-watch ev'ry star for BRUNSWICK's sake:
By thwarting passions tost, by cares opprest,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm.

* HOM. Il. lib. I.

† *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem,* &c. VIRG. lib. V.

ODE,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF THE

SEA SERVICE.

I THINK Myself obliged to recommend to you a Consideration of the greatest Importance; and I should look upon it as a great Happiness, if, at the Beginning of My Reign, I could see the Foundation laid of so great and necessary a Work, as the Increase and Encouragement of our Seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by Force and Violence, to enter into the Service of their Country, as oft as Occasion shall require it: A Consideration worthy the Representatives of a People great and flourishing in Trade and Navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the case of *Greenwich Hospital*, that Care may be taken, by some Addition to that Fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable Provision, for the Support and Maintenance of our Seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by Age and Infirmities, in the Service of their Country.——SPEECH, *Jan.* 27, 1727-8.

TO

THE KING.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

OLD OCEAN's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly *British* theme I sing;
A theme so great,
I dare complete,
And join with OCEAN, *Ocean*'s King.

II.

The *Roman* Ode
Majestic flow'd:
Its *stream* divinely clear, and strong;
In sense, and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The *North* can *glow*,
If dread AUGUSTUS deign to smile.

IV.

The Naval crown
Is all His own!
Our Fleet, if *war*, or *commerce*, call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil;
Ye graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat;
At ev'ry stroke the work refines!

VII.

How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions, good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
To Wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

IX.

Since *years* will fly,
And *pleasures* die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning *Fate*, and fickle *Chance*;

X.

Nor life is long;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
We make, at least,
Of *bad* the *best*,
If in life's phantom, *Fame*, we soar.

XI.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life, to live
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like His, with whom my lay begun?
" *Justice* sincere,
" And *courage* clear,
" Rise the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for sway!
" Who look, obey;
" They read the monarch in his *port:*
" Their love and awe
" Supply the *law;*
" And his *own* lustre makes the court:"

XIV.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines? And shines *alone?*
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the Sun; 'tis *Britain's* throne.

XV.

Our monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like *British* oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair *Albion*, like an amorous maid;
While *interest* wings
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
The *sea*, pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence *wealth* and *state*,
And *power* and *fate*,
Which *Europe* reads in GEORGE's eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view,
We take the clue,
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

EPISTLES

TO

MR. POPE,

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLE I.

TO

MR. POPE.

WHILST you at *Twick'nham* plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall;
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And CODRUS' prose works up, and LICO's strains.
Lo! what from *cellars* rise, what rush from high,
Where speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, Essays, Sock, Buskin, Satire, Song,
And all the *Garret* thunders on the throng!
O POPE! I burst; nor can, nor will refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye *Vandals!* my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;

I've *heard* myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true absurd like me?——
Thy pardon, CODRUS! who, I mean, but thee?
  POPE! if like mine, or CODRUS', were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;
With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting:
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
  Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
The quiet *quidnunc*, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;

Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a *Writer*'s made:
Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.
  Hail, fruitful *isle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song:
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
  What glorious motives urge our Authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits
To shew (in vain!) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an *Hypnotic* for the spleen:
Some write confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 'tis *Sunday*; some, because 'tis wet;

Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.
  Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: Why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, thus impulse give;
He'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them just;
Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
And who by labour would distrust his *friends*?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess:
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
  So sounds spontaneous from the *Sibyl* broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning, if they cou'd;
And nations star'd at what none understood.
  Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft have I said, " Awake! exist! and strive
" For birth; nor think to loiter is to live!"

As oft I overheard the *dæmon* say,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
" *I'll meet thee, youth, at* WHITE'S:" The youth replies,
" *I'll meet thee there,*" and falls his sacrifice;
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare:
CLODIO for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
How must *Spain* tremble, and the *German* shake!
Such writers have we? all, but sense, they print;
Ev'n GEORGE's praise is dated from the *Mint.*
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can steal)* celestial fire.
O! the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay CASTRUCHIO's miscellaneous dress?
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
These, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street;
And looking full on every man they meet,

Run souse against his chaps; who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies!
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecstasies.
Will they persist? 'Tis madness; *Lintot*, run,
See them confin'd——" O that's already done."
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the *Mint*.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est Ulubris, they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes;
O frail conclusion; the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your disrespect;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.
A virgin-author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night:

But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream:
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the dèvil in their stead.
  In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.
  A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fears dismiss;
"Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fixt, your fame through time convey'd,
"And *Britain Europe*'s Queen—if I am paid."
A Statesman has his answer in a trice;
"Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—away he turns;
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more;
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,
And turns the tide of *Europe* on the foe:
He rams his quill with scandal, and with scoff;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such?
No; every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold:
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To swell your sails, like *Lapland* winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempest quickly flags;
A *State-Ulysses* tames 'em with his bags;
Let him be what he will, *Turk*, *Pagan*, *Jew*:
For *Christian* ministers of state are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout:
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!
With *golden* forceps, these, another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes.
The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to *pay*
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the *greatest* pow'rs enough *disgrace*,
Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?

Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue self they fight;
Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit.*
Nought but inconstancy *Britannia* meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
From the same hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!
How justly PROTEUS' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit?
Now, such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by made rage, transform'd into a *flame,*
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene,*
Invites the town to sup at *Drury-lane;*
A dreadful *lion,* now he roars at pow'r,
Which sends him to his brothers at the *Tow'r;*
He's now a *serpent,* and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung;
What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make:
The *Snake* reigns most; Snakes, PLINY says, are bred
When the *brain*'s perish'd in a human head.

A grov'ling, trodden, whipt, stript, turn-coat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!
Thrown from the *Tree of Knowledge*, like you, curst
To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.
What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true!
It did in ELKENAH, why not in you?
Poor ELKENAH, all other changes past,
For bread in *Smithfield drugons* hist at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape:
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your *Prototype*; and so he dy'd.
Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in *Macbeth:*
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt.
The transient vestments of these frugal men,
Hastens to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
LINTOT relents, nor CURLL can wish them worse.

So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity, and sense.
From *these*, their politics our *quidnuncs* seek,
And *Saturday*'s the learning of the week:
These labouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull;
And hem at every thump upon your skull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin to cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lye.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity*;
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock*'s
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceless *Reynard* listens—till he bites.
As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate;*
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen.*

EPISTLE II.

FROM

OXFORD.

ALL write at *London;* shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the *Muses seat?*
Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may chuse eternity, or ease?
Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wisely strove
To woo the muse in her *Athenian* grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?
Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.
Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write,* and *live!*
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.
An *Author*! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!

* His late Majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue*'s cause?
That sole proprietor of just applause.
Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.
What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and *Chaucer*, dying, wish'd unwrote,
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and *Waller*, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
To think that *early* we must think at *last*.
Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.
Thus ends your courted *fame:* does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the muse, extorts *Apollo*'s curse:
His sacred influence never should be sold:
'Tis arrant *Simony* to sing for gold:

'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can;
The bad, when interest, or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride:*
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue but superior sense?
In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those, that o'er a page of *Milton* sleep:
Nor in their dullness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.
Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines,
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.

What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone!
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
That *wit*'s a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
  Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame,
  But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.
  If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.
  Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame;

Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflection more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known, adore;
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockies that *Newmarket* praise,
Slow runs the *Pegasus* that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain:*
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek;
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuse no *fault*; though beautiful, 'twill harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness; *Addison*
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part*'s unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, of what's right be there,
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare:*
The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you write well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly *Lucius* censures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes, except his friends.

Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king*'s, *country*'s, *truth*'s, *religion*'s friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man:
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man:*
Defaults in those alone should give offence!
Who strikes the *person,* pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To *Codrus'* form; I'm not so much his friend;
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour?* It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a *Swift,*
Beware of *humour,* the dull rogue's *last shift.*
Can others write like you? Your task give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life:
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.
Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force;
Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your *Creed*:
Thus *virtue*'s *seeds*, at once, and *laurel*'s, grow;
Do thus, and rise a *Pope*, or a *Despreau*:
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit:
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead *Lucifer's* detested cause,
Who for bare tallents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From able writers *rise* to worthy men.
" Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain?
" Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
" Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
" As, three ells round, huge *Cheyne* rails at meat?"
Shall I with *Bavius* then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *Examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime:

Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
  At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; *Time* has nor friend nor foe;
False fame *must* whither and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *slay the slain*.
  Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign:
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire *Codrus* rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
  As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiss*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *sons* of *dullness* write.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE

BOOK OF JOB.

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THRICE happy Job † long liv'd in Regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,

* It is disputed amongst the critics who was the author of the book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of those opinions: which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii, *&c.* which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient Poem in the world. Bishop *Patrick* says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged

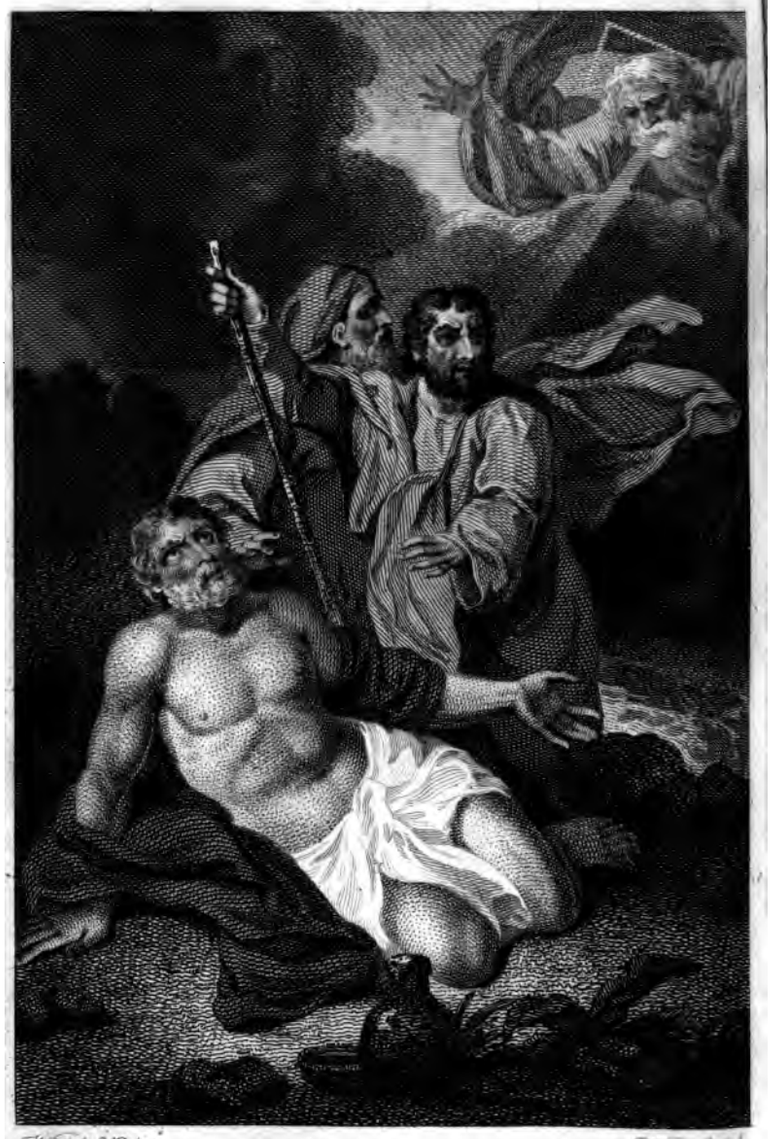
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he prest,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
Then JOB contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, his inauspicious light
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,

---

abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *sun*, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suited to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.



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A Paraphrase on part of the Book of Job. Lines.

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And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave.
Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
That seat of bliss, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion; both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensu'd.—When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprize,
A sudden whirlwind blackened all the skies:
(They saw, and trembled *!) From the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.
Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
Lifts up his thoughts against me from the dust,
And tells the World's Creator what is just?

* The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old *Greece*, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-piece of the *Greek* stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent before the Law were the

Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where did'st Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious *earth?*
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hosannas rung;
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, hast Thou view'd them all!
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
Who, ſtretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a bason for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
" * Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
" And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."

---

the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* c. xix. *Ezek.* c. i. &c. Hence is He said to *dwell in thick darkness: And have his way in the whirlwind.*

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungo-

vernable

Hast thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasues sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst Thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light?* In what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when Thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!
Are *mists* begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost?*
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?

---

vernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light,* &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that *Moses* is author of the book of *Job.*

A sudden desart spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?
Thou know'st Me not; Thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from Thee.
Canst Thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst Thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who, in rough desarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.
To check the show'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains;
But, new in life, a chearful prospect yields
Of shining rivers and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Hast thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of *hail* and *snows* my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.
Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did Thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from Thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *stars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst Thou the skies benevolence restrain,
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid *Mazzaroth* his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.
Dost Thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obsequious ray?
Hast Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?

That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?
  Who did the *soul* with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the sky.
  What then, *Chaldæan* Sire, was thy surprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart, and down-cast eyes:
" Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
" My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
" My voice is in eternal silence bound,
" And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."
  He ceas'd: When lo! again th' Almighty spoke:
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
  Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like Mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?
  Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When This is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in Thee alone;

Of Thee Thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.
  Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast Thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When * pain'd with hunger, the wild *Raven*'s brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?
  Who in the stupid *Ostrich* † has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

---

* Another argument that *Moses* was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are *Egyptian*. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω α κόραξ, *Ælian*. l. ii. c. 48. is *to ask earnestly*. And since there were ravens on the bank of the *Nile* more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: Let two suffice. *First*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight,

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Stat lumine clauso*
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ipsa videt - - - - - - - - - - - - Claud.

Secondly. They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an Ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred heads for his supper.

While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
* What time she skims along the field with speed,
† She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.
How rich the *Peacock!* ‡ what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author, just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A *likeness* is lost in too much description, as a *meaning* often in too much illustration.

* Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Libyæ venantûm vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat - - - - - - - - Claud. in Eutr. - - -

† *Xenophon* says, *Cyrus* had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which

He proudly spreads them, to the golden ray
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the *Hawk* to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
Tho' strong the *Hawk* *, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower sky;
An *Eagle*, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and set her on the clift,
Where far above *thy* world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
† Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?

(which are there shut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

* *Thyanus (de Re Accip.)* mentions a hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow *above*, to have been a bird of note in *Egypt*.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in the air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a Naturalist as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

She feasts her young with blood; and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.
* Know'st Thou how many moons, by Me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain *Goat*, and forest *Hind*,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade.
Will the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee;
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.
Didst thou from service the *Wild-Ass* discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,

---

* The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the *time and circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the question proper in this place. *Pliny* observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect. *Ps.* xxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may stile our Author a Naturalist.

Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.
Survey the warlike *Horse!* didst thou invest
With thunder, his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High-rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.
But, fiercer still, the lordly *Lion* stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desart with his rolling eye.

Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
* By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desart fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my *Behemoth*, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and represt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food;
Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and shut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.

---

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion. *Ps.* cvi. 20. The *Arabians* have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *the hunter by moonshine*.

Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire:
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.
His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
* He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.
† Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide:
With slender hair *Leviathan* command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.

---

* *Cephesi glaciale caput quo suetus anhelam*
Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
Stat. Theb. v. 349.

Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is most difficult. *Diodorus* says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When *Augustus* conquered *Egypt*, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

Will he become thy servant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might:
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
* The rashest dare not rouse him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the sons of men?
Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd?
My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
And Mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills:
Earth, sea, and air, All nature is my own;
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.
And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge *Leviathan* shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size.
Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?

---

* This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when sated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Whose heart sustains him to draw near? * Behold
Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise!
And what a deep abyss between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
† Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;

---

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says *Pliny, si totum os.* *Martial* says to his old woman,

Cùm comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

† This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, says the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long represt is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens *volvit sub naribus* ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

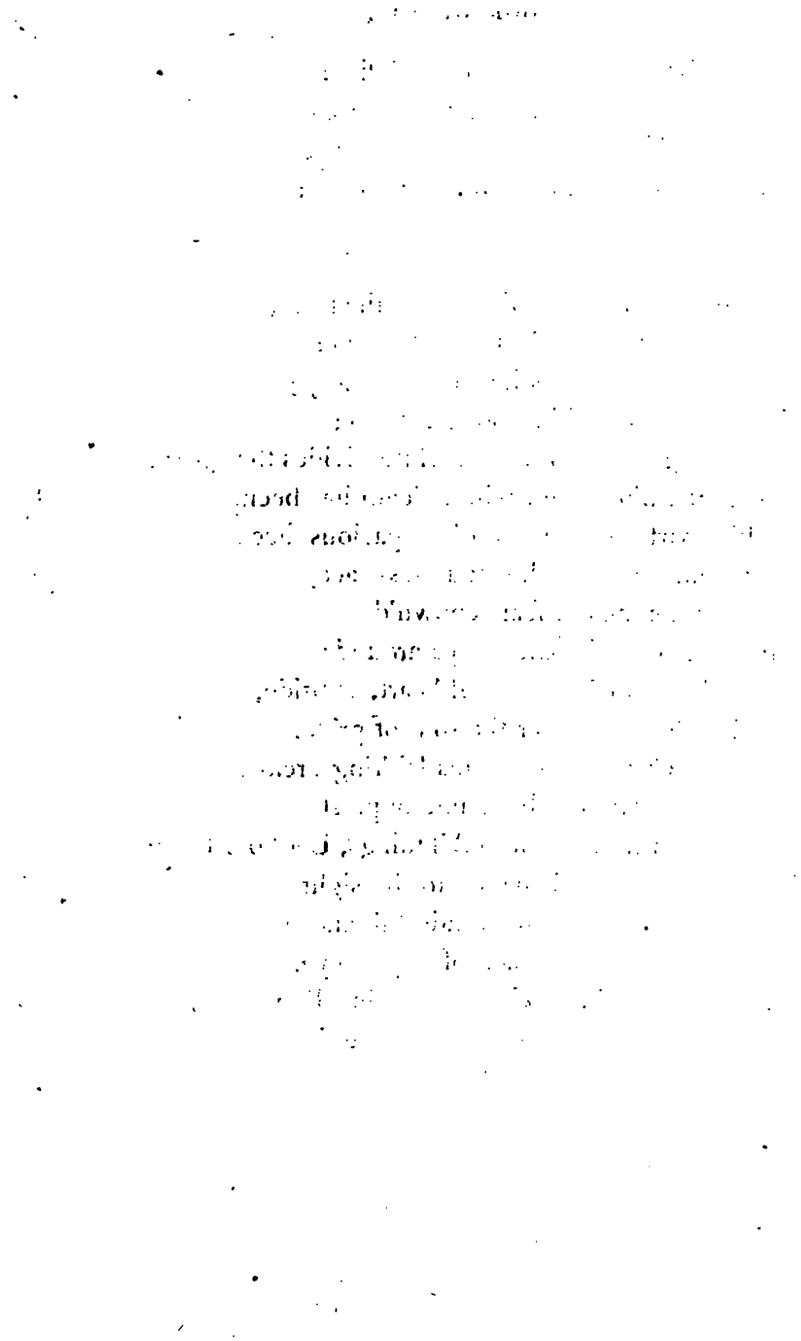
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
* Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.
In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;

---

* *His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both readers and admirers of the writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are *Egyptian;* the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than *Moses*, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered *behemoth* and *leviathan*, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but *Moses* being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the *hippopotamus* and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wasted vollies strow;
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.
His like earth bears not on her spacious face:
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes ev'ry swoln, disdainful heart, subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.
Then the *Chaldæan* eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime opprest.
" Thou can'st accomplish All things, Lord of Might:
" And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight.
" But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
" Oft have I hear'd of Thine Almighty Pow'r;
" But never saw Thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
" Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.
" Nor shall my weakness tempt Thine anger more:
" Man is not made to *question*, but *adore*."



OCEAN.

AN

ODE.

OCEAN.

AN

ODE.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Psal. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural scene!
Of *flocks* and *green!*
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All nature still,
But yonder rill;
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless *tide!*
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in *measure* to the shore.

III.

Who sings the *source*
Of *wealth* and *force?*
Vast field of commerce, and big *war*,
Where *wonders* dwell!
Where *terrors* swell!
And *Neptune* thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? Where are they,
Whom *Pæan*'s ray
Has touch'd and bid divinely rave?——
What! none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The *Nereids* to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind:
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Ocean. Verse 5th Line 27th

Printed for Turner & Hood. Poultry.

VII.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The God *Apollo*, and his *Nine*,
Parnassus' hill,
And *Orpheus*' skill;
But let *Arion*'s harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is *Britain*'s reign;
Her strength, her glory, is her *fleet:*
The main! the main!
Be *Britain*'s strain;
As *Tritons* strong, as *Syrens* sweet.

IX.

Thro' nature wide
Is nought descry'd
So rich in pleasure or surprize;
When all-serene,
How *sweet* the scene!
How *dreadful*, when the billows rise;

X.

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which ere-while *Britannia* fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like *Ocean*'s bride,
Adjusting her majestic air!

XI.

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance,
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas!
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
The frowning *north*
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head

XIV.

With terror, mark
Yon flying *bark!*
Now center-deep descend the brave;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV.

Now spins around
In whirls profound:
Now whelm'd; now pendant near the clouds;
Now stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunders peals:
And now fierce lightnings fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All Ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the seas and skies:
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling streight, the monsters shock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To *Britain* dear
Whate'er pomotes her daring claim;
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chace of honest gain, or fame.

XIX.

The stars are bright
To chear the night
And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire;
And *Phœbus'* flames,
With burnish'd beams,
Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the seas
Outshone by *these?*
Bright *Thetis!* thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in *green*,
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those *clouds*, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver *snow*, that pearly *rain*,
Has *Phœbus* stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To *Phœbus'* ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The *pearl*, in rows,
Pale lustre throws;
The *wealth* immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
In pious strains,
" Ah cruel thirst of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat'ry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys;
But pleasure dies,
Too soon the gross fruition cloys;
Tho' *raptures* court,
The *sense* is short;
But virtue kindles living joys;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone!*
Joys ask'd of none!
Which time's and fortune's arrows miss:
Joys that subsist,
Tho' fates resist,
An unprecarious endless bliss!

XXX.

The soul *refin'd*
Is most inclin'd
To every *moral* excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And *virtue* is the child of *sense.*

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrants frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expends
Her *wealth* and *zeal*
On public weal,
And brightens both by god-like ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the *main*;
Which tow'ring rose
With GEORGE to close,
And rival great ELIZA's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From *Britain*'s throne
To re-inflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon * *fabric fair*,
As nature's rose at the *divine*.

* A new fund for *Greenwich* hospital, recommended from the throne.

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
Blest angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high,
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
High *domes* ascend!
Stretch'd *arches* bend!
Proud *columns* swell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, soft reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of *age!*
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of list'ning *youth* to martial rage.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falsly gay!
Who bask for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long *enjoyment* is *distress*.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting *mariner* regains,
What *transport* flows
From bare *repose!*
We reap our pleasures from our pains.

XLI.

Ye warlike slain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding sheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's * *full-blown glory* greet.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By *Jove*, by *Fame*,
By GEORGE's name,
Awake! awake! awake! awake!

* Written soon after King George the first's accession.

XLIII.

With spiral shell,
Full blasted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring,
Your *pearl*-alcoves,
Your *coral*-groves,
Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain*'s king.

XLIV.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As CAROLINA's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The *British* flag shall sweep the seas.

XLV.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's *strong growth*,
And our bold natives' *hardy mind*;
Sure heaven bespoke
Our *hearts* and *oak*,
To give a master to mankind.

XLVI.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair, that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And *Britain*'s pleasure speaks aloud:

XLVII.

Now big with *war*,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now, sumptuous spoils
Of foreign *soils*
Pours in the bosom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence, Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fate of kingdoms, and of kings;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns
A night, or day of *glory*, springs.

XLIX.

Thus *Ocean* swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING,

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE

DEDICATION.

TO

MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient days*,
The *warrior*'s ardent deeds to raise,
And *monarchs* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *Epic*'s loftier trump to sound;——
But let ARION's sea-strung harp be Mine:

* Annals of the Emperor CHARLES XII, Lewis XIV.

III.

But where's his *dolphin?* Know'st thou, where?—
May that be found in Thee, VOLTAIRE!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song! Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile?
"What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—
No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On *Dorset* downs, when MILTON's page,
Wit *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That MILTON's blindness lay not in his song?

VI.

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:
How shortly shall we Both forget,
To thee my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for *Prussia*'s golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns, and favours of the great;
High-flush'd success and pale defeat;
The *Gallic* gaiety, and *British* spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:—
Oh friend; as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last! ETERNAL loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels, and desires,
Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground:
What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
With ardors *new*, our spirits flame;
Ambition blest! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A

SEA - PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty sounds let those delight,
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:
'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the *south* with brandish'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:
Ambition, mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardors may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders *Britain*'s sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At *Britain*'s nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves;
The mountain *pines* assume newfo rms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: The labouring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence, monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *island*'s will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance: Know, ye pow'rs!
In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd *Britannia*'s awful senate low'rs.

VI.

In her * grand council she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of *Ind*, and confidence of *Spain*.

* House of Lords.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies? and warms the waves!
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spite of JOVE,
While all-serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts;
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms: How pale, how tame,
How lambent is BELLONA's flame;
How her storms languish on the continent!

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient *Britain*'s angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or see I VULCAN's sooty cave,
When JOVE's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of *Ætna!* hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of MARS, MINERVA's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * And, first, take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then, borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd *Britannia*'s wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts, and trembles,—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to VIRGIL's description of thunder.

ODE THE SECOND.

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

So form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and *Bourbon* shake;
If *Britain*'s crimes support not *Britain*'s foes,
And edge their swords: O Pow'r Divine!
If blest by Thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In *Britain*'s cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for *Britain*'s sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commission'd from Above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too *feeble* to sustain;
Or *firm* to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty pow'r!
" Our guide in counsel, and our strenght in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

V.

" Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorse, and sighs sincere.
" For *Britain*'s guilt, the wrath divine appease;
" A wrath more formidable far
" Than angry nature's wasteful war,
" The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
" To Thee, at nature's helm on high!
" Steer Thou our conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE!
" To Thee for succour we resort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

VII.

" O thou to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
" Or send it back, and bid it fall
" On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" *Britain*, in vain, extends her care
" To climes * remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" ALLY SUPREME! we turn to Thee;
" We learn obedience from the sea;
" With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouze, or hush, the martial storm;
" And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from death to free;
" To turn aside his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:——
" *There* we cast anchor, we confide in THEE.

XI.

" THOU, who hast taught the *north* to roar,
" And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
" Bid *Britain*'s flags, as meteors, blaze;
" And GEORGE depute to thunder in thy stead.

* Russia. † Aurora Borealis.

XII.

" The *right* alone is bold, and strong;
" Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
" With dread of vengeance: Nature's awful Sire!
" Less than one moment shouldst Thou frown,
" Where is puissance, and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

" Let GEORGE the just chastise the vain:
" THOU, who dost curb the rebel main,
" To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
" Bid GEORGE repel a bolder tide,
" The boundless swell of *Gallic* pride;
" And check *ambition*'s overwhelming wave.

XIV.

" And when (all milder means withstood)
" *Ambition* tam'd by loss of blood,
" Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
" Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,
" With peals of joy, *Britannia*'s fleet,
" How richly freighted! it, triumphant, brings
" The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

BUSIRIS,

KING OF EGYPT.

A Tragedy.

ACTED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE,

1719.

O triste planè acerbumque funus! O morte ipsâ mortis tempus indignius! Jam destinata erat egregio juveni, jam electus nuptiarum dies; quod gaudium, quo mœrore mutatum est?

PLIN. Epist.

PROLOGUE

BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MR. BOOTH.

LONG have you seen the Greek *and* Roman *name,*
Assisted by the muse, renew their fame,
While yet unrung those heroes sleep, from whom
Greece *form'd her* Platos, *and her* Cæsars Rome.
Such, Egypt, *were thy sons! divinely great*
In arts, in arms, in wisdom, and in state.
Her early monarchs gave such glories birth,
Their ruins are the wonders of the earth.
Structures so vast by those great kings design'd,
Are but faint sketches of their boundless mind:
Yet ne'er has Albion's *scene, though long renown'd,*
With the stern tyrants of the Nile *been crown'd.*
The tragic muse in grandeur should excel,
Her figure blazes, and her number swell.
The proudest monarch of the proudest age,
From Egypt *comes to tread the* British *stage:*
Old Homer's *heroes, moderns are to those*
Whom this night's venerable scenes disclose.
Here pomp and splendor serves but to prepare:
To touch the soul is our peculiar care;
By just distress soft pity to impart,
And mend your nature, while we move your heart;
Nor would these scenes in empty words abound,
Or overlay the sentiment with sound.

PROLOGUE.

When passion rages, eloquence is mean;
Gestures and looks best speak the moving scene.
Ye shining Fair! when tender woes invite
To pleasing anguish and severe delight,
By your affliction you compute your gain,
And rise in pleasure as you rise in pain.
If then just objects of concern are shown,
And your hearts heave with sorrows not your own,
Let not the gen'rous impulse be withstood,
Strive not with nature; blush not to be good:
Sighs only from a nobler temper rise,
And 'tis your virtue swells into your eyes.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

BUSIRIS King of *Egypt*,..... Mr. ELRINGTON.
MYRON, the Prince,..... Mr. BOOTH.
NICANOR, Father of *Mandane*,..... Mr. MILLS.
MEMNON, RAMESES, SYPHOCES, PHERON, Conspirator, ... Mr. WILKS. Mr. WALKER. Mr. THURMOND. Mr. WILLIAMS.
AULETES, a Courtier, ... Mr. W. MILLS.

WOMEN.

MYRIS, Queen of *Egypt*, ... Mrs. THURMOND.
MANDANE, ... Mrs. OLDFIELD.

SCENE—*a Temple at Memphis in Old Egypt.*

BUSIRIS,

KING OF EGYPT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PHERON *and* SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

IF glorious structures, and immortal deeds,
Enlarge the thought, and set our souls on fire,
My tongue has been too cold in *Egypt's* praise,
The queen of nations, and the boast of times.
Mother of science, and the house of gods!
Scarce can I open wide my lab'ring mind
To comprehend the vast idea, big
With arts and arms, so boundless in their fame.

PHERON.

Thrice happy land! did not her dreadful king,
Far-fam'd *Busiris*, whom the world reveres,
Lay all his shining wonders in disgrace,
By cruelty and pride?

SYPHOCES.

By pride indeed;
He calls himself the *Proud*, and glories in it,
Nor would exchange for *Jupiter's Almighty*.
Have we not seen him shake his silver reins

O'er harness'd monarchs to his chariot yok'd?
In sullen majesty they stalk along,
With eyes of indignation and despair,
While he aloft displays his impious state,
With half their rifled kingdoms o'er his brow,
Blazing to heav'n in diamonds and gold.

PHERON.

Nor less the tyrant's cruelty than pride;
His horrid altars stream with human blood,
And piety is murder in his hands. [*A great shout.*

SYPHOCES.

There rose the voice of twice two hundred thousand;
And broke the clouds, and clear'd the face of day;
The king, who from his temple's airy height,
With heart dilated, that great work surveys,
Who shall proclaim what can be done by man,
Has struck his purple streamer, and descends.

PHERON.

Twice Ten long years have seen that haughty pile,
Which nations with united toil advance,
Gain on the skies, and labour up to heaven.

SYPHOCES.

The king——or prostrate fall, or disappear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BUSIRIS, *attended.*

BUSIRIS.

This ancient city, *Memphis* the renown'd,
Almost coœval with the Sun himself,
And boasting strength scarce sooner to decay,
How wanton sits she amid nature's smiles;
Nor from her highest turret has to view,
But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes;

A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the world!
Here, fruitful vales, far-stretching, fly the sight;
There, sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream;
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore:
To crown the whole, this rising pyramid
[*Shews the plan.*
Lengthens in air, and ends among the stars;
While every other object shrinks beneath
Its mighty shade, and lessens to the view,
As kings compar'd with me.

Enter AULETES. *He falls prostrate.*

AULETES.

O live for ever,
Busiris, first of men!

BUSIRIS.

Auletes, rise.

AULETES.

Embassadors from various climes arrive,
To view your wonders, and to greet your fame;
Each loaden with the gifts his country yields,
Of which the meanest rise to gold and pearl:
The rich *Arabian* fills his ample vase
With sacred incense; *Ethiopia* sends
A thousand coursers fleeter than the wind;
And their black riders darken all the plain:
Camels and elephants from other realms,
Bending beneath a weight of luxury,
Bring the best seasons of their various years,
And leave their monarchs poor.

BUSIRIS.

What from the *Persian*?

AULETES.

He bends before your throne, and far outweighs
The rest in tribute, and outshines in state.

BUSIRIS.

Away; he sees me not; I know his purpose;
A spy upon my greatness, and no friend:
Take his Embassador, and shew him *Egypt*;
In *Memphis* shew him various nations met,
As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely through the spacious street,
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate,
Whene'er the trumpet calls; high over-head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along,
And leave in the air a thunder of my own:
Jove too has pour'd the *Nile* into my hand,
The prince of rivers, Ocean's eldest son:
Rich of myself, I make the fruitful year,
Nor ask precarious plenty from the sky——
Throw all my glories open to his view,
Then tell him, in return for trifles offer'd,
I give him *this*, and when a *Persian* arm
[*Gives him a bow.*
Can thus with vigour its reluctance bend,
And to the nerve its stubborn force subdue;
Then let his master think of arms—but bring
More men than yet e'er pour'd into the field;
Mean time, thank heav'n, our tide of conquest drives
A different way, and leaves him still a king:
This to the *Persian*.—I receive the rest,
And give the world an answer. [*Exit* Busiris.

MANDANE, *attended by priests and her virgins, is seen sacrificing at a distance.*

An hymn to ISIS *is sung. The priests go out.*

MANDANE, *attended by her maids, advances.*

MANDANE.

My morning duty to the gods is over,
Yet still this terror hangs upon my soul,
And saddens every thought—I still behold
The dreadful image; still the threat'ning sword
Points at my breast, and glitters in mine eye.—
But 'twas a dream; no more. My virgins, leave me:
And thou, great Ruler of the World, be present!
O kindly shine on this important hour!
This hour determines all my future life,
And gives it up to misery or joy. [*She advances.*
These lonely walks, this deep and solemn gloom,
Where noon-day suns but glimmer to the view,
This house of tears, and mansion of the dead,
For ever hides him from the hated light,
And gives him leave to groan.

Back scene draws, and shews MEMNON *leaning on his father's tomb.*

Was ever scene
So mournful! If, my lord, the dead alone
Are all your care, life is no more a blessing.
How could you shun me for this dismal shade,
And seek from love a refuge in despair?

MEMNON.

Why hast thou brought those eyes to this sad place,
Where darkness dwells, and grief would sigh secure
In welcome horrors and beloved night?
Thy beauties drive thy friendly shades before them,
And light up day e'en here. Retire, my love;
Each joyful moment I would share with thee,
My virtuous maid, but I would mourn alone.

MANDANE.

What have you found in me so mean, to hope
That while you sigh, my heart can be at peace?
Your sorrows flow from your *Mandane*'s eyes.

MEMNON.

O my *Mandane!*

MANDANE.

Wherefore turn you from me!
Have I offended, or are you unkind?——
Ah me! a sight as strange, as pitiful!
From this big heart, o'ercharg'd with gen'rous sorrow,
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave!—can those tears flow in vain?

MEMNON.

Why will you double my distress, and make
My grief my crime, by discomposing you.——
And yet I can't forbear! Alas, my father!
That name excuses all; what is not due
To that great name, which life or death can pay?

MANDANE.

Speak on, and ease your lab'ring breast: It swells
And sinks again; and then it swells so high,
It looks as it would break. I know 'tis big

With something you would utter. Oft in vain
I have presum'd to ask your mournful story;
But ever have been answered with a frown.

MEMNON.

O my *Mandane!* did my tale concern
Myself alone, it would not lie conceal'd;
But 'tis wrapt up in guilt, in royal guilt,
And therefore 'tis unsafe to touch upon it:
To tell my tale is to blow off the ashes
From sleeping embers, which will raise in flames
At the least breath, and spread destruction round.
But thou art faithful, and my other self;
And, O! my heart this moment is so full,
It bursts with its complaints; and I must speak.
Myris, the present queen, was only sister
Of great *Artaxes*, our late royal lord:
Busiris, who now reigns, was first of males
In lineal blood, to which this crown descends.
Not with long circumstance to load my story,
Ambitious *Myris* fir'd his daring soul,
And turn'd his sword against her brother's life:
Then mounting to the tyrant's bed and throne,
Enjoy'd her shame, and triumph'd in her guilt.

MANDANE.

So black a story well might shun the day.

MEMNON.

Artaxes' friends (a virtuous multitude)
Were swept away by banishment or death,
In throngs, and sated the devouring grave.
My father!——Think, *Mandane*, on your own,
And pardon me!—— [*Weeps.*

The tyrant took me, then of tender years,
And rear'd me with a son (a son since dead).
He vainly hop'd, by shews of guilty kindness,
To wear away the blackness of his crime,
And reconcile me to my father's fate;
Hence have I long been forc'd to stay my vengeance,
To smooth my brow with smiles, and curb my tongue,
While the big woe lies throbbing at my heart.——

Enter PHERON *at a distance.*

PHERON. [*Aside.*]
So close! so loving! Here I stand unseen,
And watch my rival's fate.

MEMNON.
But thou, my fair,
Thou art my peace in tumult, life in death;
Thou yet canst make me bless'd.

MANDANE,
As how, my lord?

MEMNON.
Ah! why wilt thou insult me?

MANDANE.
Memnon——

MEMNON.
Speak!

MANDANE.
Nature forbids; and when I would begin,
She stifles all my spirits, and I faint:
My heart is breaking, but I cannot speak.
O let me fly.——

MEMNON.
You pierce me to the soul. [*Holding her.*

MANDANE.
O! spare me for a moment, till my heart

Regains its wonted force, and I will speak——
Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
Breaks through restraints, and will not be refused.
[Pheron *shews a great concern.*
Yet more: The prince, the young impetuous prince,
Before his father sent him forth to war,
And gave the *Mede* to his destructive sword,
Has often taught his tongue a silken tale,
Descended from himself, and talk'd of love.
Since last I saw thee, his licentious passion
Has haunted all my dreams——
This day the court shines forth in all its lustre,
To welcome her returning warrior home;
Alas, the malice of our stars!

MEMNON.

To place it
Beyond the power of fate to part our loves;
Be this our bridal night, my life!—my soul! [*Embrace.*

PHERON.

Perdition seize them both! and have I lov'd
So long, to catch her in another's arms!
Another's arms for ever! O the pang!
Heart-piercing sight!—but rage shall take its turn—
It shall be so—and let the crime be his
Who drives me to the black extremity;
I fear no farther hell than that I feel. [*Exit.*

MEMNON.

Trembling I grasp thee, and my anxious heart
Is still in doubt if I may call thee mine.
O bliss too great! O painful ecstasy!
I know not what to utter.

MANDANE.

Ah, my lord!
What means this damp that comes athwart my joy,
Chastising thus the lightness of my heart?—
I have a father, and a father too,
Tender as nature ever fram'd. His will
Should be consulted. Should I touch his peace,
I should be wretched in my *Memnon*'s arms.

MEMNON.

Talk not of wretchedness.

MANDANE.

Alas! this day
First gave me birth, and (which is strange to tell)
The fates e'er since, as watching its return,
Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
With something great; extremes of good or ill.

MEMNON.

Why should we bode misfortune to our loves?
No; I receive thee from the gods, in lieu
Of all that happiness they ravish'd from me;
Fame, freedom, father, all return in thee.
Had not the gods *Mandane* to bestow,
They never would have pour'd such vengeance on me;
They meant me thee, and could not be severe.
Soon as night's favourable shades descend,
The holy priests shall join our hands for ever,
And life shall prove but one long bridal-day.
Till then, in scenes of pleasure lose thy grief,
Or strike the lute, or smile among the flowers,
They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom for thee.—
Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender side,
By weighty reasons, and important calls;

Nay, e'en by love itself—I quit thee now,
But to deserve thee more. [*They embrace.*

MANDANE.

Your friends are here. [*Exit* Mand.

MEMNON.

Excellent creature! how my soul pants for thee!
But other passions now begin their claim;
Doubt, and disdain, and sorrow, and revenge,
With mingling tumult, tear up all my breast:
O how unlike the softnesses of love!

Enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

Hail, worthy *Memnon.*

MEMNON.

Welcome, my *Syphoces.*
And much I hope thou bring'st a bleeding heart;
A heart that bleeds for others miseries,
Bravely regardless of its own, though great;
That first of characters.

SYPHOCES.

And there's a second,
Not far behind; to rescue the distress'd,
Or die.

MEMNON.

Yes, die; and visit those brave men,
Who, from the first of time, have bath'd their hands
In tyrants' blood, and grasp'd their honest swords
As part of their own being, when the cause,
The public cause demanded. O my friend!
How long shall *Egypt* groan in chains? How long
Shall her sons fall in heaps without a foe?
No war, plague, famine, nothing but *Busiris,*

His people's father! and the state's defence!
Yet but a remnant of the land survives.

SYPHOCES.

What havoc have I seen? Have we not known
A multitude become a morning's prey,
When troubled rest, or a debauch, has sour'd
The monster's temper? Then 'tis instant death;
Then fall the brave and good, like ripen'd corn
Before the sweeping scythe; not the poor mercy
To starve and pine at leisure in their chains.——
But what fresh hope, that we receive your summons
To meet you here this morning?

MEMNON.

Know, *Syphoces*,
'Twas on this day my warlike father's blood,
So often lavish'd in his country's cause,
And greatly sold for conquest and renown;
'Twas on this execrable day it flow'd
On his own pavement, in a peaceful hour,
Smok'd in the dust, and wash'd a ruffian's feet.
This guilty day returning, rouses all
My smother'd rage, and blows it to a flame.
Where are our friends?

SYPHOCES.

At hand. *Rameses*,
Last night, when gentle rest o'er nature spread
Her still command, and care alone was waking,
Like a dum, lonely, discontented, ghost,
Enter'd my chamber, and approach'd my bed:
With bursts of passion, and a peal of groans,
He recollects his godlike brother's fate,

The drunken banquet, and the midnight murder,
And urges vengeance on the guilty prince.
Such was the fellness of his boiling rage,
Methought the night grew darker as he frown'd.

MEMNON.

I know he bears the prince most deadly hate;
But this will enter deeper in his soul; [*Shews a letter.*
And rouse up passions, which till now have slept:
Murder will look like innocence to this.

SYPHOCES.

How, *Memnon?*

MEMNON.

This reminds me of thy fate;
The queen has courted thee with proffer'd realms,
And sought by threats to bend thee to her will;
She languishes, she burns, she wastes away
In fruitless hope, and dies upon thy name.

SYPHOCES.

O fatal love! which, stung by jealousy,
Expell'd a life far dearer than my own,
By cursed poison—Ah divine *Apame!*
And could the murd'ress hope she should inherit
This heart, and fill thy place within these arms?—
But grief shall yield—Revenge, I'm wholly thine!

MEMNON.

The tyrant too is wanton in his age,
He shews that all his thoughts are not in blood;
Love claims its share; he envies poor *Rameses*
The softness of his bed; and thinks *Amelia*
A mistress worthy of a monarch's arms.

SYPHOCES.

But see, *Rameses* comes; a sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow, and marks him through the dusk.

Enter RAMESES, PHERON, *and other conspirators.*

MEMNON.

To what, my friend, shall *Memnon* bid you welcome?
To tombs, and melancholy scenes of death?
I have no costly banquets, such as spread
Prince *Myron*'s table, when your brother fell.
[*To* Rameses.
I have no gilded roof, no gay apartment,
Such as the queen prepar'd for thee, *Syphoces.*
Yet be not discontent, my valiant friends,
Busiris reigns, and 'tis not out of season
To look on aught may mind us of our fate:
His sword is ever drawn, and furious *Myris*
Thinks the day lost that is not mark'd with blood.

RAMESES.

And have we felt a tyrant twenty years,
Felt him as the raw wound the burning steel;
And are we murmuring out our midnight curses,
Drying our tears in corners, and complaining?
Our hands are forfeited—Gods! strike them off.
No hands we need to fasten our own chains,
Our masters will do that; and we want souls
To raise them to an use more worthy men.

MEMNON.

Ruffles your temper at offences past
Here then, to sting thee into madness.
[*Gives the Letter.* Rameses *reads.*

RAMESES.

Oh!

SYPHOCES.

See how the struggling passions shake his frame!

RAMESES.

My bosom joy, that crowns my happy bed
With tender pledges of our mutual love,
Far dearer than my soul! and shall my wife,
The mother of my little innocents,
Be taken from us! Torn from me, from mine,
Who live but on her sight! and shall I hear
Her cries for succour, and not rush upon him?
My infant hanging at the neck upbraids me,
And struggles with his little arms to save her.—
These veins have still some gen'rous blood in store,
The dregs of those rich streams his wars have drain'd;
I'll giv't in dowry with her.

PHERON.

Well resolv'd:
A tardy vengeance shares the tyrant's guilt.

RAMESES.

Let me embrace thee, *Pheron;* thou art brave,
And dost disdain the coldness of delay.
Curse on the man that calls *Rameses* friend,
And keeps his temper at a tale like this;
When rage and rancour are the proper virtues,
And loss of reason is the mark of men.

MEMNON.

Thus I've determin'd: When the midnight hour
Lulls this proud city, and her monarch dreams
Of humbler foes, or his new mistress' love,
Then we will rush at once, let loose the terrors
Of rage pent in, and struggling twenty years

To find a vent, and at one dreadful blow
Begin and end the war.
A more auspicious juncture could not happen.
The *Persian*, who for years has join'd our counsels,
Stirr'd up the love of freedom, and in private
Long nurs'd that glorious appetite with gold,
This morn with transport snatch'd the wish'd occasion,
Of throwing his resentment wide, and now
He frowns in arms, and gives th' event to fate.

RAMESES.

This hand shall drag the tyrant from the throne,
And stab the royal victim on this altar.
[*Pointing to the tomb.*

MEMNON.

O justly thought! Friends, cast your eyes around;
All that most awful is, or great in nature,
This solemn scene presents; the gods are here,
And here our fam'd' forefathers' sacred tombs;
Who never brook'd a tyrant in this land.
Let us not act beneath the grand assembly!
The slighted altars tremble, and these tombs
Send forth a peal of groans to urge us on.
Come then, surround my father's monument,
And call his shade to witness to your vows.

RAMESES.

Nor his alone. O all ye mighty dead!
Illustrious shades! who nightly stalk around
The tyrant's couch, and shake his guilty soul;
Whether already you converse with gods,
Or stray below in melancholy glooms,
From earth, from air, from heav'n, and even hell,

Come, I conjure you, by the pris'ner's chain,
The widow's sighing, and the orphan's tears,
The virgin's shrieks, the hero's spouting veins,
By gods blasphem'd, and free-born men enslav'd.

MEMNON.

Hear, *Jove!* and you most injur'd heroes, hear,
While we o'er this thrice-hallow'd monument
Thus join our hands, and, kneeling to the gods,
Fast bind our souls to great revenge!

ALL.

We swear——

MEMNON.

This night the tyrant and his minions bleed.

PHERON. [*Aside.*]

So, now my foe is taken in the toil,
And I've a second cast for this proud maid——
It is an oath well spent, a perjury
Of good account in vengeance, and in love.

MEMNON.

We wrong the mighty dead, if we permit
Our eyes alone to count this grand assembly:
A thousand unseen heroes walk among us;
My father rises from his tomb; his wounds
Bleed all afresh, and consecrate the day:
He waves his arm, and chides our tardy vengeance:
More than this world shall thank us. O my friends
Such our condition, we have nought to lose;

And great may be our gain, if this be great,
To crush a tyrant, and preserve a State;
To still the clamours of our fathers blood,
To fix the basis of the Public good,
To leave a famē eternal; then to soar,
Mix with the gods, and bid the world adore.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE PALACE.

A magnificent throne discovered, and several courtiers walking to and fro.

Enter SYPHOCES *and* RAMESES. *Shouts at a distance.*

RAMESES.

WHAT means this dust and tumult in the court,
These streamers fooling in the wind, these shouts,
The tyrant blazing in full insolence,
And all his gaudy courtiers basking round him,
Like pois'nous vermin in a dog-day sun?

SYPHOCES.

Your father and prince *Myron* are arriv'd,
And with one peal of joy the nation rings.

RAMESES.

Long has my father serv'd this tyrant king,
With zeal well worthy of a better cause.
Though with his helm he hides a hoary brow,
Long vers'd in death, the father of the field,
At the shrill trumpet he throws off the weight
Of fourscore years, and springs upon the foe.
The transport danger gives him, conquers nature,
And a short youth boils up within his veins.

SYPHOCES.

Behold this way they pass to meet the king.

MYRON *and* NICANOR *pass the stage with attendants.*

RAMESES. [*Looking on* Myron.]

What pity 'tis that one so lost in guilt,
Should thus engage the sight with manly charms,
And make vice lovely!

SYPHOCES.

Pardon me, *Rameses:*
Though to my *foe*, I must be ever just.
He's gen'rous, grateful, affable, and brave:
But then he knows no limit to his passion;
The tempest beaten bark is not so toss'd
As is his reason, when those winds arise:
And though he draws a fatal sword in battle,
And kindles in the warm pursuit of fame,
Pleasure subdues him quite; the sparkling eye,
And gen'rous bowl, bear down his graver mind,
While fiery spirits dance along his veins,
And keep a constant revel in his heart.

RAMESES.

But here the tyrant comes!—With what excess
Of idle pride will he receive his son!
How with big words will he swell out this conquest,
And into grandeur puff his little tales!

Enter KING, *and ascends the throne; on the other side,*
Enter MYRON *and* NICANOR.

KING.

Welcome, my son; great partner of my fame;
I thank thee for th' encrease of my dominions,
That now more mountains rise, more rivers flow,
And more stars shine in my still-growing empire.

The sun himself surveys it not at once,
But travels for the view, whilst far disjoin'd
My subjects live unheard-of by each other;
These wrapt in shades, while those enjoy the light
Their day is various, but their king the same.

MYRON.

Here, Sir, your thanks are due; to this old arm,
Whose nerve not threescore winter camps unbend,
You owe your victory, and I my life.
When my fierce courser, with a jav'lin stung,
First rear'd in air, then tearing with a bound
The trembling earth, plung'd deep amidst the foe;
And now a thousand deaths from ev'ry side,
Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung;
Through the throng'd legions, like a tempest, rush'd
This friend, o'er gasping heroes, rolling steeds,
And snatch'd me from my fate.

BUSIRIS.

I thank thee, general;
Thou hast a heart that swells with loyalty,
And throws off the infection of these times;
But thy degenerate boy——

NICANOR.

No more my son;
I cut him off; my guilt, my punishment.
Look not, dread Sir, on me, through his offence;
O let not that discolour all my service,
And ruin those who blame him for his crimes.

BUSIRIS.

Old man, I will not wear the crown in vain;
Subjects shall work my will, or feel my pow'r;

Their disobedience shall not be *my* guilt.
Who is their welfare, glory, and defence?
The land that yields them food; and ev'ry stream
That slakes their thirst, the air they breathe, is mine.
And is concurrence to their own enjoyment
By due submission, a too great return?
Death and destruction are within my call——
But thou shalt flourish in thy master's smile.
A faithful minister adorns my crown,
And throws a brighter glory round my brow.

NICANOR.

Take but one more, one small one, to your favour,
And then my soul's at peace—I have a daughter,
An only daughter, now an only child,
Since her lost brother's folly; she deserves
The most a father can for so much goodness:
Her mother's dead, and we are left alone;
We two are the whole house; nor are we two;
In her I live, the comfort of my age;
And if the king extend his grace so far,
And take that tender blossom into shelter,
Then I have all my monarch can bestow,
Or heav'n itself; but this, that I may wear
My life's poor remnant out in your command;
Stretch forth my being to the last in duty,
And, when the fates shall summon, die for you.

BUSIRIS.

Nicanor, know, thy daughter is our care.

MYRON.

O, Sir, be greatly kind, exert your pow'r,
And with the monarch furnish out the friend!——

Art thou not he, that gallant-minded chief, [*To* Nic.
Who would not stoop to give me less than life?
And shall I prove ungrateful? Shocking thought!
He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

NICANOR.

What joy my daughter's promis'd welfare gives me,
My lips I need not open to discover——
Thus humbly let me thank you.

BUSIRIS.

Dry thy tears,
And follow us; thy daughter's near our queen,
And longs, no doubt, to see thee: Bless the maid,
And then attend us on affairs of state.——
I hear, there's treason near us: Though the slaves
Fall off from their obedience, and deny
That I'm their monarch, I'm *Busiris* still:
Collected in myself, I'll stand alone,
And hurl my thunder, though I shake my throne:
Like death, a solitary king I'll reign
O'er silent subjects, and a desart plain;
Ere brook their pride, I'll spread a general doom,
And ev'ry step shall be from tomb to tomb. [*Exit.*

[Myr. *and* Aul. *who talk'd aside, advance.*

MYRON.

Her absent beauties glow'd upon my mind,
And sparkled in each thought. She never left me—
Would'st thou believe it? In the field of battle,
In the mid terror, and the flame of fight.
Mandane, thou hast stol'n away my soul,
And left my fame in danger.—My rais'd arm

Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,
And, for a moment, spar'd the prostrate foe—
O that her birth rose equal to my own!
Then I might wed with honour, and enjoy
A lawful bliss——And why not now? Methinks
Absence has plac'd her in a fairer light,
Enrich'd the maid, and heighten'd ev'ry charm.

AULETES.

She comes!

MYRON.

That modest grace subdu'd my soul:
That chastity of look, which seem to hang
A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,
And by forbidding, most inflames, desire.

[*Enter* MANDANE.

What tender force! what dignity divine!
What virtue consecrating ev'ry feature!
Around that neck, what dross are gold and pearl!
Mandane! pow'rful being, whose first sight
Gives me a transport not to be express'd;
And with one moment over-pays a year
Of danger, toil, and death, and absence from thee.

MANDANE.

My lord, I sought my father.

MYRON.

Leave me not;
I've much to say! much more than you conceive;
Yes, by the gods, much more than I can utter:
My breath is snatch'd; I tremble; I expire. [*Aside.*
Nay, here I'll offer tender violence— [*Takes her hand.*
May I not breathe my soul upon this hand?

When your eyes triumph, and insult my pain,
Permit me here to take a small revenge.

MANDANE.

My lord, I am not conscious of my fault.

MYRON.

'Tis false—I know the language of those eyes;
They use me ill—See my heart beat, *Mandane;*
Believe not me, but tell yourself my passion—
Is it in art to counterfeit within?
To drive the spirits, and inflame the blood?
Each nerve is pierc'd with light'ning from your eye,
And every pulse is in the throbs of love.

MANDANE.

My lord my duty calls; I must not stay.

MYRON.

Give me a moment: I have that to speak
Will burst me, if supprest—O heavenly maid!
Thy charms are doubled,—so is thy disdain—
Who is it; tell me, who enjoys thy smile?
There is a happy man, I swear there is;
I know it by your coldness to your friend——
That thought has fix'd a scorpion on my heart,
That stings to death——And is it possible
You ever spoke of *Myron* in his absence,
Or cast at leisure a light thought that way?

MANDANE.

I thought of you, my lord, and of my father,
And pray'd for your success; nor must I now
Neglect to give him joy.

MYRON.

Yet stay; you shall not go——Ungrateful woman!
I would not wrong your father; but, by heav'n,

His love is hatred, if compar'd with mine.
I understand whence this unkindness flows;
Your heart resents some licence of my youth,
When love had touch'd my brain. You may forgive me
Because I never shall forgive myself;
But that you live, I'd rush upon my sword.
If you forgive me, I shall now approach,
Not as a lover only, but a wretch
Redeem'd from baseness to the ways of honour,
And to my passion join my gratitude:
Each time I kneel before you, I shall rise,
As well a better, as a happier, man,
Indebted to your virtue, and your love.

MANDANE.

I must not hear you.

MYRON.

O torment me not!
Hear me you must, and more.—Your father's valour,
In the late battle, rescu'd me from death:
And how shall I be grateful! Thou'rt a princess;—
Think not, *Mandane*, this a sudden start;
A flash of love, that kindles and expires:
Long have I weigh'd it; since I parted hence,
No night has pass'd but this has broke my rest,
And mix'd with ev'ry dream. My fair, I wed thee
In the maturest counsel of my soul.

MANDANE. [*Aside.*]

O gods! I tremble at the rising storm;
Where can this end?

MYRON.

And do you then despise me?

MANDANE.

My lord, I want the courage to accept
What far transcends my merit, and for ever
Must silently upbraid my little worth.

MYRON.

Have I forsook myself, forgone my temper
Headlong to all the gay delights of youth,
And fall'n in love with virtue most severe;
Turn'd superstitious, to make thee my friend?
Gods! have I struggled through the powerful reasons
That strongly combated my fond resolves?
Was wealth o'erlook'd, and glory of no weight;
My parent's crown forgot, and my own conquests;
And all to be refus'd to sooth your pride,
And make my rival sport?

MANDANE. [*Kneels.*]

With patience hear me—
Nor let my trust in *Myron* prove my ruin.

MYRON.

Distraction! Art thou marry'd?

MANDANE.

Oh!

MYRON.

My heart foretold it.—Ah my soul! *Auletes.* [*Swoons.*

AULETES.

Madam, 'tis prudent in you to withdraw— [*Exit* Mand.

MYRON.

I do not live—I cannot bear the light!
Where is *Mandane?* But I would not know.
She is not mine.—Yet, though not mine in love,

Revenge, my just revenge, may overtake her.
O how I hate her! Let me know her faults:
Did the proud maid insult me in distress,
And smile to see me gasping? Speak, *Auletes.*
Did she not sigh? Sure she might pity me,
Though all her love is now another's right.

AULETES.

She sigh'd, and wept; but I remov'd her from you.

MYRON.

It was well done—Yet I could gaze for ever.
And *did* she sigh? And *did* she drop a tear?
The tears she shed for me are surely mine;
And shall another dry them on those cheeks,
And make them an excuse for greater fondness?
Shall I assist the villain in his joys?
No; I will tear her from him——.
I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

AULETES.

My lord, have temper.

MYRON.

And another's passion
Warm on that lip! another's burning arms
Strain'd round the lovely waist for which I die,
And she consenting, wooing, growing to him!
What golden scenes, when absent, did I feign!
What lovely pictures did I draw in air!
What luxury of thought! And see my fate!
Shall then my slave enjoy her; and I languish
In my triumphal car, my foot on purple,
And o'er my head a canopy of gold,
Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train!

What if I stab him? No—She will not wed
His murderer—I never form'd a wish,
But full fruition taught me to forget it.
And am I lessen'd by my late success?
And have I lost my conquest? Fly, *Auletes*,
And tell her ——

AULETES.

What, my lord?

MYRON.

No bid her ——

AULETES.

Speak!

MYRON.

I know not what—My heart is torn asunder.
Retire, my lord, and re-compose yourself:
The queen approaches—Ha! her bosom swells;
[*Exit* Myron.

AULETES.

Her pale lip trembles: a disorder'd haste
Is in her steps; her eyes shoot gloomy fires——
When *Myris* is in anger, happy they
She calls her friends.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Auletes, where's the king?

AULETES.

At council, madam.

QUEEN.

Let him know I want him.

[*Exit* Auletes.

Base! to forget to whom he owes a crown!
Fool! to provoke *her* rage, whose hand is red
In her own brother's blood!

Enter KING *and* PHERON.

KING.

Horrid conspiracy!

PHERON.

This night was destin'd for the bloody deed.

KING.

Mistaken villains! if they wish my death,
They should in prudence lay their weapons by:
So jealous are the gods of *Egypt*'s glory,
I cannot die whilst slaves are arm'd against me.
Haste, *Pheron*, to the dungeon; plunge them down
Far from the hopes of day; there let them lie
Banish'd this world while yet alive, and groan
In darkness, and in horror—Let double chains
Consume the flesh of *Memnon*'s loaded limbs,
'Till death shall knock them off—A king's thy friend;
Nay, more; *Busiris*.——Go; let that suffice—

[*Exit* Pher.

QUEEN.

My lord, your thought's engag'd.

KING.

Affairs of state
Detain'd me from my queen.

QUEEN.

The world may wait:
I've a request, my lord.

KING.

Oblige me with it.

QUEEN.

Will you comply?

KING.

My queen, my pow'r is yours.

QUEEN.

Your queen?

KING.

My queen.

QUEEN.

Indeed, it should be so—
Then sign these orders for *Amelia*'s death.—
He starts, turns pale, he's sinking into earth——
Enough; be gone, and fling thee at her feet;
Doat on my slave, and sue to her for mercy.
Go? pour forth all the folly of thy soul;
But bear in mind, thou giv'st not of thy own:
Thou giv'st that kindness, which I bought with blood,
Nor shall I lose unmov'd.

KING.

I wish, my queen
This still had slept a secret for thy sake;
But since thy restless jealousy of soul
Has been so studious of its own disquiet,
Support it as you may—I own I've felt
Amelia's charms, and think them worth my love.

QUEEN.

And dar'st thou bravely own it too? O insult!
Forgetful man! 'tis I then owe a crown!
Thou hadst still grovell'd in the lower world,
And view'd a throne at distance, had not I
Told thee, thou wast a man, and (dreadful thought!)
Through my own brother cut thy way to empire;
But thou might'st well forget a crown bestow'd;
That gift was small; I listen'd to thy sighs,
And rais'd thee to my bed.

KING.

I thank you for it:
The gifts you made me were not cast away:

I understand their worth: Husband and King
Are names of no mean import; they rise high
Into dominion, and are big with pow'r.——
Whate'er I was, I now am king of *Egypt*,
And *Myris'* lord.

QUEEN.

I dream: Art thou *Busiris?*
Busiris, that has trembled at my feet?
And art thou now my Jove, with clouded brow
Dispensing fate, and looking down on *Myris?*
Dost thou derive thy spirit from thy crimes?
'Cause thou hast wrong'd me, therefore dost thou threaten,
And roll thine eye in anger? Rather bend,
And sue for pardon!—O detestable!
Burn for a stranger's bed!

KING.

And what was mine,
When *Myris* first vouchsaf'd to smile on me?

QUEEN.

Distraction! death! upbraided for my love!—
Thou art not only criminal, but base:
Mine was a godlike guilt: Ambition in it;
Its foot in hell, its head above the clouds;
For know, I hated when I most caress'd:
'Twas not *Busiris*, but the crown, that charm'd me,
And sent its sparkling glories to my heart:
But thou canst soil thy diadem with slaves.

KING.

Syphoces is a king, then.

QUEEN.

Ha!

KING.

Let fair *Amelia* know the king attends her.

QUEEN.

Go, tyrant, go, and wisely, by thy shame,
Prepare thy way to ruin: I'll o'ertake thee,
Living or dead; if dead, my ghost shall rise,
Shriek in thy ears, and stalk before thine eyes:
In death I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,
And chill thy blood, when clasp'd within her arms;
Alone to suffer is beneath the Great;
Tyrant, thy torment shall support my State [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE GENERAL'S HOUSE.

Enter the KING.

KING.

HERE dwells my stubborn fair: I'll sooth her pride,
And lay an humbled monarch at her feet:
But let her well consider; if she's slow
To welcome bliss, and dead to glory's charms,
Then my resentment rises in proportion
To this high grace extended to my slave,
And turns the force of her own charms against her:
Monarchs may court, but cannot be deny'd.
[*Enter the* QUEEN, *veiled.*
Amelia, dry thy tears, and lay aside
That melancholy veil.——Ha! *Myris!*

QUEEN.

Myris!
A name that should like thunder strike thine ear,
And make thee tremble in this guilty place:
But wherefore dost thou think I meet thee here?
Not with mean sighs, and deprecating tears,
To humble me before thee, and increase
The number of thy slaves, in hope to break
Thy resolution, and avert thy crime;
But to denounce, if thou shalt dare persist,
The vengeance due to injur'd heav'n and me:

And by this warning double thy offence:
Think, think of vengeance; 'tis the only joy
Which thou hast left me; I'm no more thy wife,
Nor queen; but know I am a woman still.

Enter AULETES.

AULETES.

May all the gods watch o'er your life and empire,
And render omens vain! So fierce the storm,
Old *Memphis* from her deep foundations shakes,
And such unheard of prodigies hang o'er us,
As make the boldest tremble: See the moon
Robb'd of her light, discolour'd without form,
Appears a bloody sign, hung out by *Jove*,
To speak peace broken with the sons of men;
The *Nile*, as frighted, shrinks within its banks;
And as this hour I pass'd great *Isis'* temple,
A sudden flood of light'ning rush'd upon it,
And laid the shrine in ashes.

KING.

O mighty *Isis!*
Why all these signs in nature? Why this tumult
To tell me I am guilty? If my crown
The fates demand, why, let them take it back:
My crown, indeed, I may resign; but O!
Who can awake the dead?——
'Tis hence these spectres shock my midnight thoughts,
And nature's laws are broke to discompose me;
'Tis I that whirl these hurricanes in air,
And shake the earth's foundations with my guilt.
O *Myris!* give me back my innocence.

QUEEN

I bought it with an empire.

KING.

Cheaply sold!
Why didst thou urge my lifted arm to strike
The pious king, when my own heart recoil'd?

QUEEN.

Why did you yield when urg'd, and by a woman;
You that are vain of your superior reason,
And swell with the prerogative of man?
If you succeed, our counsel is of nought;
You own it, not accepted, though enjoy'd;
But steal the glory, and deny the favour:
Yet if a fatal consequence attend,
Then we're the authors; then your treach'rous praise
Allows us sense enough to be condemn'd.

KING.

'Tis prudent to dissemble with her fury,
And wait a softer season for my love. [*Aside.*
Bid *Isis'* priests attend their king's devotions;
I'll sooth with sacrifice the angry pow'rs;
Swift to my dungeons, bid their darksome wombs
Give up the numerous captives of my wars;
Ten thousand lives to heaven devoutly pour;
Nor let the sacred knife grow cold from blood,
Till sevenfold *Nile*, infected with the stain,
In all his streams flows purple to the main. [*Exit.*

QUEEN.

Thin artifice! I know the sacrifice
You most indeed—But I will dash your joys;
Thou, victim, and thy goddess, both shall feel me.

AULETES.

Madam, the prince——

QUEEN.

And is he still afflicted?

AULETES.

It grieves your faithful servant to relate it:
He struggles manfully; but all in vain:
Sometimes he calls in music to his aid:
He strives with martial strains to fire his blood,
And rouse his soul to battle——
Then he relapses into love again,
Feeds the disease, and doats upon his ruin.

QUEEN.

Why seeks he here the cause of all his sorrow?

AULETES.

He seeks not here *Mandane*, but her father;
For friendship is the balm of all our cares;
Melts in the wound, and softens every fate.

[*Martial Music.*

Enter MYRON, *at a distance.*

QUEEN.

Heav'ns! what a glory blazes from his eye!
What force, what majesty, in ev'ry motion,
As at each step he trod upon a foe!

MYRON.

O that this ardour would for ever last!
It shall; nor will I curse my being more;
Chain'd kings, and conquer'd kingdoms, are before me;
I'll bend the bow, and launch the whistling spear,
Bound o'er the mountains, plunge into the stream,
Where thickest faulchions gleam, and helmets blaze.
I'll number my own heart among my foes,
And conquer it, or die. [*Exit.*

QUEEN.

The thoughts of war
Will soon dislodge the fair one from his breast—
But this has broken in on my intent——
I would remind thee of my late commands.

AULETES.

Madam, 'tis needless to remind your slave—
At dead of night I set the pris'ners free.

QUEEN.

Yet, set the pris'ners free,—'tis great revenge;
Such as my soul pants after—It becomes me,
O it will gall the tyrant! stab him home;
And if one spark of gratitude survives,
Soften *Syphoces* to my soft desire:
The tyrant's torment is my only joy;
Ye gods! or let me perish, or destroy;
Or rather both; for what has life to boast
When vice is tastless grown, and virtue lost?
Glory and wealth I call upon in vain,
Nor wealth, nor glory, can appease my pain;
My every joy upbraids me with my guilt,
And triumphs tell me sacred blood is spilt.

[*Exit* Qu.

Enter MYRON.

MYRON.

The shining images of war are fled,
The fainting trumpets languish in mine ear,
The banners furl'd, and all the sprightly blaze
Of burnish'd armour, like the setting sun,
Insensibly is vanish'd from my thought:
No battle, siege, or storm, sustain my soul.

In wonted grandeur, and fill out my breast:
But softness steals upon me, melting down
My rugged heart in languishments and sighs,
And pours it out at my *Mandane*'s feet——
I see her e'en this moment stand before me,
Too fair for sight, and fatal to behold:
I have her here; I clasp her in my arms;
And in the madness of excessive love,
Sigh out my heart, and bleed with tenderness.

AULETES.

My lord, too much you cherish this delusion:
She is another's.

MYRON.

Do not tell me so:
Say rather she is dead: each heav'nly charm
Turn'd into horror! O the pain of pains
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from another!
How does my soul burn up with strong desire;
Now shrink into itself! Now blaze again!
I'll tear and rend the strings that tie me to her:
If I stay longer here, I am undone.

As he is going, Enter NICANOR.

NICANOR.

My prince, and, since such honours you vouchsafe,
My *friend!* I have presum'd upon your favour;
This is my daughter's birth-day, and this night
I dedicate to joys, which ever languish,
If you refuse to crown them with your presence.

MYRON.

Nicanor, I was warm on other thoughts——

NICANOR.

I am still near you in the day of danger,
In toilsome marches, and the bloody field,
When nations against nations clash in arms,
And half a people in one groan expire;
Why am I, with your helmet, thrown aside,
Cast off, and useless, in the hour of peace?

MYRON.

Since then you press it, I must be your guest.——
Methinks I labour, as I onward move, [*Aside*
As under check of some controuling pow'r.
What can this mean? Wine may relieve my thoughts,
And mirth and converse lift my soul again. [*Exeunt.*

The back scene draws, and shews a banquet.

Enter MANDANE, *richly dressed.*

MANDANE.

It was this day that gave me life; this day
Should give much more, should give me *Memnon* too:
But I am rival'd by his chains; they clasp
The hero round (a cold, unkind, embrace!);
And but an earnest of far worse to come:
While he, my soul, in dungeon darkness clos'd,
Breathes damp unwholesome steams, and lives on poison,
I am compell'd to suffer ornaments,
To wear the rainbow, and to blaze in gems;
To put on all the shining guilt of dress,
When 'tis almost a crime that I still live:
These eyes, which can't dissemble, pouring forth
The dreadful truth, are honest to my heart;

These robes, O *Memnon!* are *Mandane*'s chains,
And load, and gall, and wring, her bleeding heart.
[*Exit* Mandane.

Enter MYRON, NICANOR, AULETES, *&c. They take their places.*

NICANOR.

Sound louder, sound, and waft my wish to heav'n.
Hear me, ye righteous gods, and grant my pray'r;
For ever shine propitious on my daughter:
Protect her, prosper her; and when I'm dead,
Still bless me in *Mandane*'s happiness!
[*The bowl goes round. Music.*
Haste, call my daughter; none can taste of joy
Till she, the mistress of the feast, is with us.

A servant brings NICANOR *a letter: He reads it.*

The king's commands at any hour are welcome.

MYRON.

Not leave us, general?

NICANOR.

Ha! the king here writes me,
The discontented populace, that held,
O'er midnight bowls, their desperate cabals,
Are now in bold defiance to his power:
Amid the terrors of this stormy night,
Ev'n now they deluge all yon western vale,
And form a war, impatient for the day:
The spreading poison too has caught his troops,
And the revolting soldiers stand in arms
Mix'd with seditious citizens.

MYRON.

Your call is great.

Enter MANDANE. MYRON *starts from his seat in disorder.*

MANDANE. [*Aside.*]

O *Memnon!* how shall I become a banquet,
Suppress my sorrows, and comply with joy?
Severest fate! Am I deny'd to grieve?

NICANOR.

Be comforted, my child: I'll soon return.
Why dost thou make me blush? I feel my tears
Run trickling down my cheek.

MYRON. [*Aside* to Auletes.]

I must away:
Her smiles were dreadful, but her tears are death.
I can no more: I sink beneath her charms,
And feel a deadly sickness at my heart.

NICANOR.

Your cheek is pale: I dare not let you part:
You are not well——

MYRON.

A small indisposition:
I soon shall throw it from me—Farewell, general;
Conquest attend your arms.

NICANOR.

You shall not leave
Your servant's roof; 'tis an unwholesome air,
And my apartment wants a guest.

MYRON.

Nicanor,
If health returns, I shall not press my couch,

And hear of distant conquests; but o'ertake thee,
And add new terror to the front of war.

NICANOR.

Mean time, you are a guardian to my child:
Let her not miss a father in my absence:
She's all my soul holds dear.

BOTH. [*Embracing.*]

Farewell, Farewell.

[NICANOR *waits on* MYRON *off the stage, and returns.*

NICANOR.

My child, I feel a tenderness at heart
I never felt before: Come near *Mandane;*
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the father—
Thy dying mother with her clay-cold hand
Press'd mine; then, turning on thee her faint eye,
Let fall a tear of fondness, and expir'd——
I cannot love thee well enough; her grace
Softens thy cheek, and lives within thine eye.
Let me embrace you *both*—My heart o'erflows—
If I should fall—Thy mother's monument—
But I shall kill thy tenderness—No more:
Nay, do not weep; I shall return again,
And with my dearest child sit down in peace,
And long enjoy her goodness.

MANDANE.

If the gods
Regard your daughter's fervent vows, you will.

NICANOR.

Farewell my only care; my soul is with thee;
Regard *yourself*, and you remember *me.* [*Exit.*

Enter MYRON *and* AULETES.

MYRON.

No place can give me ease; my restless thought,
Like working billows in a troubled sea,
Tosses me to and fro; nor know I whither.
What am I, who, or where?—Ha! where indeed!
But let me pause, and ask myself again,
If I am well awake—Impetuous bliss!
My heart leaps up; my mounting spirits blaze!
My soul is in a tempest of delight!

AULETES.

My lord, you tremble, and your eyes betray
Strange tumults in your breast.

MYRON.

What hour of night?

AULETES.

My lord, the night's far spent.

MYRON.

The gates are barr'd,
And all the houshold is compos'd to rest.

AULETES.

All: And the great *Nicanor*'s own apartment,
Proud to receive a royal guest, expects you.

MYRON.

Perdition on thy soul for naming him!
Nicanor! O I never shall sleep more!
Defend me! Whither wander'd my bold thoughts!
Broke loose from reason, how did they run mad!
And now they are come home all arm'd with stings,
And pierce my bleeding heart——
I beg the gods to disappoint my crime;
Yet almost wish them deaf to my desire:

I long, repent; repent, and long again;
And ev'ry moment differs from the last.
I must no longer parley with destruction:
Auletes, seize me; force me to my chamber;
There chain me down, and guard me from myself:
Hell rises in each thought; 'tis time to fly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MANDANE *and* RAMESES.

RAMESES.

I hope your fears have giv'n a false alarm.

MANDANE.

You've heard my frequent visions of the night;
You know my father's absence, *Myron*'s passion:
Just now I met him; at my sight he started;
Then with such ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with such malignity of love,
Sending his soul out to me, in a look
So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retir'd.

RAMESES.

No more; my friends (which, as I have inform'd you,
The queen to gall the tyrant has set free)
Are lodg'd within your call: th' appointed signal,
If danger threatens, brings them to your rescue.

MANDANE.

Where are they?

RAMESES.

In the hall beneath your chamber:
Memnon alone is wanting; he's providing
For your escape before the morning dawn:
The rest in visors, fearing to be known,
Have ventur'd thro' the streets for your protection.

MANDANE.

Auspicious turn! then I again am happy.

RAMESES.

Auspicious turn indeed! and what compleats
The happiness, the base man that betray'd us
This arm laid low: I watch'd him from the king;
I took him warm, while he, with lifted brow,
Confess'd high thought, and triumph'd in his mien:
I thank'd him with my dagger in his heart.
'Tis late; refresh yourself with sleep, *Mandane*.

[*Exit* Mandane.

So, 'tis resolv'd, if *Myron* dares attempt
So black a crime, it justifies the blow:
He dies; and my poor brother's ghost shall smile.
This way he bends his steps: I hate his sight;
And shall till death has made it lovely to me. [*Exit.*

Enter MYRON *and* AULETES.

MYRON.

O how this passion, like a whirlpool, drives me,
With giddy, rapid, motion, round and round,
I know not where, and draws in all my soul!
I reason much; but reason about her;
And where she is, all reason dies before her;
And arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.——
So black the night, as if no star e'er shone
In all the wide expanse; the light'ning's flash
But shews the darkness; and the bursting clouds
With peals of thunder seem to rock the land:
Not beasts of prey dare now from shelter roam,
But howl in dens, and make the forest groan.

What then am I? A monster, yet more fell,
Than haunts the wilds?—I am, and threaten more:
My breast is darker than this dreadful night,
And feels a fiercer tempest rage within.——
I must—I will—This leads me to her chamber—
Did not the raven croak? [*Starting.*

AULETES.

I hear her not.

MYRON.

By heav'n, methinks earth trembles under me.—
Awake, ye furies, you are wanting to me;
O finish me in ill; O take me whole;
Or gods confirm me good, without allay,
Nor leave me thus at variance with myself;
Let me not thus de dash'd from side to side—
The old man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
Confided in me, gave her to my care,
Nor long since sav'd my life—And doubt I still?
I'm guilty of the fact; here let me lie,
And rather groan for ever in the dust,
And float the marble pavement with my tears,
Than rise into a monster. [*Flings himself down.*

MANDANE, *passing at a distance, speaks to a servant.*

MANDANE.

Well, observe me.
Before the rising sun my lord arrives,
To seal our vows; the holy priest is with him:
Watch to receive them at the western gate,
And privately conduct them to my chamber. [*Exit.*

MYRON. [*Starting up.*]

O torment! racks! and flames! then she expects him
With open arms! Am I cast out for ever;
For ever must despair, unless I snatch
The present moment? She is all prepar'd
Her wishes waking, and her heart on fire!
That pow'rful thought sweeps heav'n and hell before it,
And lays all open to the prince of *Egypt;*
Born to enjoy whatever he desires,
And fling fear, anguish, and remorse, behind him.
I see her midnight dress, her flowing hair,
Her slacken'd bosom, her relenting mien,
All the forbidding forms of day flung off
For yielding softness—O I'm all confusion!
I shiver in each joint! Ah! she was made
To justify the blackest crimes, and gild
Ruin and death with her destructive charms.

AULETES.

You'll force her then?

MYRON.

Thou villain but to think it.
No; I'll solicit her with all my pow'r;
Conquest and crowns shall sparkle in her sight:
If she consent, thy prince is bless'd indeed,
Takes wings, and tow'rs above mortality;
If she resist, I put an end to pain,
And lay my breathless body at her feet.

MANDANE, *passing at a distance to her chamber,* MYRON *meets her.*

MANDANE.

Is this well done my lord?

MYRON.

Condemn me not
Before you hear me: Let this posture tell you,
I'm not so guilty as perhaps your fears,
Your commendable, modest fears, suspect:
Nay, do not go; you know not what you do;
I wou'd receive a favour, not constrain it;
Return, or good *Nicanor*, best of fathers,
Shall charge you with the murder of his friend.

MANDANE.

And dare you then pronounce that sacred name,
And yet persist! Were you his mortal foe,
What could your malice more?

MYRON.

O, fair *Mandane!*
I know my fault; I know your virtue too;
But such the violence of my disorder,
That I dare tempt e'en you; Methinks that guilt
Has something lovely which proclaims your pow'r—
But touch me with your hand, I die with bliss.
Why swells your eye? By heav'n, I'd rather see
All nature mourn, than you let fall a tear.
I own I'm mad; but I am mad of love:
You can't condemn me more, than I myself;
In that we are agreed; Agree in all.
Condemn, but pity me; resent, but yield;
For, O, I burn, I rave, I die, with love!

MANDANE.

O Sir!——

MYRON.

Nay, do not weep so; it will kill me:
This moment, while I speak, my eyes are darken'd;
I cannot see thee; and my trembling limbs
Refuse to bear their weight; all left of life
Is that I love: If love was in our pow'r,
The fault were mine; since not, you must comply.
How godlike to bestow more heav'nly joys
Than you can think, and I support, and live!

MANDANE.

O, how can you abuse your sacred reason,
That particle of heav'n, that soul of *Jove*,
To varnish o'er, and paint, so black a crime!
O prince!——

MYRON.

What says *Mandane?*

MANDANE.

Sir, observe me:
My bursting sighs, and ever-streaming tears,
Your noble nature has with pity seen;
But would they not work deeper in your soul,
Were you convinc'd my sorrows flow for you?
For you, my lord, they flow; for I am safe
(I know you are surpriz'd): They flow for you;
Myron, my *father's friend*, my *prince*, my *guest*—
Myron, my guardian god, attempts my peace,
And need I further reason for these tears?
Nature affords no object of concern
So great, as to behold a gen'rous mind
Driv'n by a sudden gust, and dash'd on guilt—
'Tis base; you ought not: 'Tis impracticable;

You cannot—Make necessity your choice;
Nor let one moment of defeated guilt,
Of fruitless baseness, overthrow the glory
Your whole illustrious life has dearly bought,
In toilsome marches, and in fields of blood.

Enter AULETES, *and servants.*

AULETES.

My lord, your life's beset; the room beneath
Is throng'd with ruffians, which but wait the signal,
To rush and sheath their daggers in your heart.

MYRON.

Betray'd! Curst sorceress; it was a plot,
Concerted by them all, to take my life,
And this the bait to tempt me to the toil.
She dies ———

AULETES.

No; first enjoy, then murder her—
Trust to my conduct, and you still are safe.
They all are mask'd: I have my vizor too;
But time is short: for once confide in me.
You, Sir, for safety, fly to your apartment;
[*To the prince.*
You bear *Mandane* to her closet—You [*To servants.*
Speed to the southern gate, and burst it open.

[*As the servants seize* Mandane, *she gives the signal. She is borne off.*

Enter RAMESES *and conspirators, mask'd.*

RAMESES.

The villain fled? Perdition intercept him!
Disperse; fly several ways; let each man bear
A steady point, well levell'd at his heart:
If he escapes us now, success attend him;
May he for ever triumph!

[*As they pass the stage in confusion,* AULETES *enters mask'd among them.*

AULETES.

Ha! Why halt you!
Pursue, pursue; e'en now I saw the monster,
The villain *Myron*, with these eyes I saw him,
Bearing his prize swift to the western gate:
There, there, it burst. [*A noise without.*

ALL.

Away; pursue!

AULETES. [*Without.*]

'Tis done:
Advance the massy bar, and all is safe:
Stand here, and with your lives defend the pass.

Enter MYRON.

MYRON.

I shall at least have time for vengeance on her.
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians!
Their swords are pointed at my life! 'Tis well!
But I will give them an excuse for murder;
Such, such a cause—Off love, and soft compassion:
Harden each sinew of my heart to steel:
I'll do, what done will shock myself, and those
Whom time sets farthest from this dreadful hour.

Enter MANDANE, *forc'd in by* AULETES.

MANDANE.

By all the pow'rs that can revenge a falshood,
I'm innocent from any thoughts of blood.

MYRON.

Why then your champions here in arms? 'Tis false.

MANDANE.

Ah! let my life suffice you for the wrong
You charge upon me! O my royal master!
My safety from all ill! my great defender!
Or did my father but insult my tears,
And give me to your care to suffer wrong;
Kill me, but not your friend, but not my father;
He loves us both, and my severe distress
Will scarce more deeply wound him than your guilt.

[Myron *walks passionately at a distance.*

MYRON.

Slaves are you sworn against me? Stop her voice,
And bear her to my chamber.

MANDANE.

O Sir! O *Myron!*
Behold my tears—Here will I fix for ever—
I'll clasp your feet, and grow into the earth—
O cut me, hew me—give to ev'ry limb
A separate death—but spare my spotless virtue;—
But spare my fame—You wound to distant ages—
And thro' all time my memory will bleed.

MYRON. [*As servants force in* Mandane.]
Distraction! All the pains of hell are on me!

MANDANE. [*She is borne off.*]

O *Memnon!* my lord!—my life! where art thou?

[Myron *expresses sudden passion and surprize: Stands awhile fix'd in astonishment; then speaks.*

MYRON.

As many accidents concur to work
My passions up to this unheard-of crime,
As if the gods design'd it—be it then
Their fault, not mine—*Memnon!* Said she not *Memnon?*
My heart began to stagger; but 'tis over—
Heav'n blast me, if I thought it possible
I could be still more curst—That hated dog,
Her lord, her life!—I thank her for my cure
Of all remorse and pity; this has left me
Without a check, and thrown the loosen'd reins
On my wild passion, to run headlong on,
And in her ruin quench a double fire;
The blended rage of vengeance and of love.
Destruction full of transport! Lo, I come,
Swift on the wing, to meet my certain doom:
I know the danger, and I know the shame;
But, like our Phœnix, in so rich a flame
I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
And doat on death in that luxurious bed.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter MYRON *in the utmost disorder, bare-headed, without light, &c. Walks disturbedly before he speaks.*

MYRON.

HENCEFORTH let no man trust the first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.
How far am I plung'd down beyond all thought
Which I this evening fram'd!——But be it so:
Consummate horror! guilt beyond a name!
Dare not, my soul, repent; in thee repentance
Were second guilt, and thou blasphem'st just heav'n,
By hoping mercy. Ah! my pain will cease
When gods want pow'r to punish—Ha! the dawn—
Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail;
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,
And hide me from *Nicanor* and myself!
Who's there? [*Enter* Auletes.

AULETES.

My lord?

MYRON.

Auletes?

AULETES.

Guard your life.
The house is rouz'd; the servants all alarm'd;

The gilded tapers dart from room to room;
Solemn confusion, and a trembling haste,
Mixt with pale horror, glares on ev'ry face;
The strengthen'd foe has rush'd upon your guard,
And cut their passage thro' them to the gate;
Implacable *Rameses* leads them on,
Breathing revenge, and panting for your blood.

MYRON.

Why, let them come; let in the raging torrent:
I wish the world would rise in arms against me;
For I must die; and I would die in state.

The doors are burst open. Servants pass the stage in tumult: RAMESES, *&c. pursue* MYRON's *guards over the stage; then* RAMESES *and* SYPHOCES *enter, meeting.*

RAMESES.

Where is the prince?

SYPHOCES.

The monster stands at bay:
We can no more than shut him from escape,
Till further force arrive.

RAMESES.

O my *Syphoces!*

SYPHOCES.

This is a grief; but not for words.
Does she still live?

RAMESES.

She lives!—but O how bless'd
Are they which are no more! By stealth I saw her;
Cast on the ground in mourning weeds she lies;
Her torn and loosen'd tresses shade her round;
Thro' which her face, all pale, as she were dead,

Gleams like a sickly moon; too great her grief
For words or tears! but ever and anon,
After a dreadful, still, insidious calm,
Collecting all her breath, long, long suppress'd,
She sobs her soul out in a lengthen'd groan,
So sad, it breaks the heart of all that hear,
And sends her maids in agonies away.

SYPHOCES.

O tale, too mournful to be thought on!

RAMESES.

Hold——
No, let her virgins weep; forbear, *Syphoces;*
Tear out an eye, but damp not our revenge;
Dispatch your letters; I'll go comfort her.
[*A servant speaks aside to* Rameses, *Exit* Syphoces.
And has she then commanded none approach her?
I'm sorry for it; but I cannot blame her.
Such is the dreadful ill, that it converts
All offer'd cure into a new disease:
It shuns our love, and comfort gives her pain.

Re-enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

Your father is return'd; redundant *Nile,*
Broke from its channel, overswells the pass,
And sends him back to wait the waters fall.

RAMESES.

And is he then return'd?—I tremble for him.——
I see his white head rolling in the duſt:
But haſte; it is our duty to receive him. [*Exit.*

MYRON. [*Embrace.*]

Forgive me, father! O my soul bleeds for thee!

[*As he is going out,* Auletes *meets him, and speaks to him aside.*

What, no escape? on ev'ry side inclos'd?
Then I resolve to perish by his hand;
'Tis just I shou'd; and meaner death I scorn:
But how to work him to my fate, to sting
His passion up so high, will be a task
To me severe; as difficult as strange.
Support me, cruel heart; it must be done. [*Aside.*

NICANOR.

Now, from my very soul, I cannot tell—
But 'tis enchantment all; for things so strange
Have happen'd, I might well distrust my sense;
But, if mine eyes are true, I plainly read
A heart in anguish; and, I must confess,
Your grief is just—It was inhuman in you—
But tell the cause; unravel, from the bottom,
The mystery that has embroil'd our loves
(For still, my prince, I love, since you repent);
What accident depriv'd me of my friend,
And lost you to yourself?

MYRON.

A traitor's sight!

NICANOR.

Beneath my roof?

MYRON.

Beneath thy very helmet:
Thou art a traitor. Guard thyself. [*Draws.*

NICANOR.

Distraction!
Traitor!——For standing by your father's throne;
And stemming the wild stream, that roars against it,
Of rebel subjects, and of foreign foes?
For training thee to glory and to war?
For taking thee from out thy mother's arms
A mortal child, and kindling in thy soul
The noble ardors of a future god?
Farewell; I dare not trust my temper more.

MYRON.

Grey-headed, venerable, traitor!

Enter RAMESES.

RAMESES.

Ha!
Turn, turn, blasphemer, and repress thy taunts;
All provocation's needless, but thy sight.

[*He assaults the prince:* Nicanor *hinders him.*

NICANOR.

Forbear, my son.

RAMESES.

Forbear?

NICANOR.

If I am calm,
Your rage should cease.

RAMESES.

No; 'tis my own revenge;
Unless, Sir, you disown me for your son.

NICANOR.

Thy sword against thy prince?

RAMESES.

A villain!

NICANOR.

Hold!

RAMESES.

The worst of villains!

NICANOR.

'Tis too much.

RAMESES.

O father!——

NICANOR.

What would'st thou?

RAMESES.

Sir, your daughter——

NICANOR.

Rightly thought;
She best can comfort me in all my sorrow:
Call, call *Mandane:* To behold my child
Wou'd cheer me in the agonies of death:
Call her, *Rameses.*——Am I disobey'd?

RAMESES.

O Sir!——

NICANOR.

What mean those transports of concern?

RAMESES.

Though I'm an outcast from your love, I weep
To open your black scene of misery.

NICANOR.

Where will this end?—O my foreboding heart!

RAMESES.

Should he, to whom, as to a god, at parting,
You gave, with streaming eyes, your soul's delight,
While yet your last embrace was warm about him,
Gloomy and dreadful as this stormy night,
Rush on your child, your comfort, your *Mandane,*

All sweet and lovely as the blushing morn,
Seize her by force, now trembling, breathless, pale,
Prostrate in anguish, tearing up the earth,
Imploring, shrieking, to the gods and you——
O hold my brain!—Look there, and think the rest.

The back scene opens. A darken'd chamber, a bed, and the curtains drawn. Women pass out, weeping, &c. NICANOR *falls back on* RAMESES.

NICANOR.

Is't possible—my child! my only daughter!
The growth of my own life! that sweeten'd age
And pain!—O nature bleeds within me.

MANDANE.

Weep not, my virgins; cease your useless tears;
Kindness is thrown away upon despair,
And but provokes the sorrow it would ease.

NICANOR.

Assist me forwards.

MANDANE.

Most unwelcome news!
Is he return'd? The gods support my father.
I now begin to wish he lov'd me less.

NICANOR.

There, there, she pierc'd the very tend'rest nerve:
She pities me, dear babe; she pities me:
Through all the raging tortures of her soul,
She feels my pain! But hold, my heart, to thank her;
Then burst at once, and let the pangs of death
Put *Myron* from my thought. [*Goes to her.*

MANDANE.

Severest fate
Has done its worst—I've drawn my father's tears.——

NICANOR.

Forbear to call me by that tender name;
Since I can't help thee, I would fain forget
Thou art a part of me—It only sharpens
Those pangs, which, if a stranger, I should feel.—
O spare me, my *Mandane!* To behold thee
In such excess of sorrow, quite destroys me,
And I shall die, and leave thee, unreveng'd.

MANDANE.

O Sir! there are misfortunes most severe,
Which yet can bear the light, and, well sustain'd,
Adorn the sufferer.—But this affliction
Has made despair a virtue, and demands
Utter extinction, and eternal night,
As height of happiness, [*Scene shuts on them.*

Enter SYPHOCES.

RAMESES.

O my *Syphoces!*

SYPHOCES.

And does this move you? does this melt you down,
And pour you out in sorrow? Then fly far,
Ere *Memnon* comes; he comes with flushing cheek,
And beating heart, to bear a bride away,
And bless his fate: How dreadfully deceiv'd!

RAMESES.

The melancholy scene at length begins.

Enter MEMNON.

MEMNON.

O give me leave to yield to nature,
And indulge my joy——
My friend! my brother! O the ecstasy

That fires my veins, and dances at my heart!
You love me not, if you refuse to join
In all the just extravagance and flight
Of boundless transport on this happy hour.
Where is my soul, my bliss, my lovely bride?
Call, call her forth: O haste; the priest expects us,
And ev'ry moment is a crime to love.

RAMESES. [*To* Syphoces.]

Speak to him:—Pr'ythee speak.

SYPHOCES.

By heav'n I cannot.

MEMNON.

What can this mean?

RAMESES.

Syphoces.

SYPHOCES.

Nay; *Rameses.*

MEMNON.

By all the gods, they struggle with their sorrows,
And swallow down their tears to hide them from me:
By friendship's sacred name, I charge you, speak.

[*They look on him with the utmost concern, and go out on different sides of the stage.*

Was ever man thus left to dreadful thought,
And all the horrors of a black surmise!
What woe is this, too big to be express'd?
O my sad heart! Why bod'st thou so severely?
Mandane's life's in danger! There indeed;
Fortune, I fear thee still; her beauties arm thee;
Her virtues make thee dreadful to my thought;
But for my love, how I could laugh at fate!

Enter a servant, gives him a paper. He reads.
Enter RAMESES, MEMNON *swoons and falls on* RAMESES.

RAMESES.

'Twere happy if his soul wou'd ne'er return:
The gods may still be merciful in this.——
His lips begin to rise.—How fares my friend?

MEMNON.

Did *Myron* feel my pangs, you'd pity him.

Enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

Fainting beneath th' oppression of her grief,
This way *Mandane* seeks the fresher air:
Let us withdraw; 'twill pain her to be seen,
And most of all by you.

MEMNON.

By my own heart
I judge, and am convinc'd.—I dare not see her:
The sight would strike me dead.——
[*As* Memnon *is going,* Mandane *meets him: Both start back: She shrieks.* Memnon *recovers himself, and falls at her knees, embracing them: She tries to disengage: He not permitting, she raises him: He takes her passionately in his arms: They continue speechless and motionless for some time.*

RAMESES.

Was ever mournful interview like this?
See how they writhe with anguish! hear them groan!
See the large silent dew run trickling down,

As from the weeping marble; passion choaks
Their words, and they're the statues of despair!

RAMESES.

O my *Mandane!*

[*At this she violently breaks from him, and exit.*

But one moment more.

[*As* Memnon *is following,* Rameses *holds him.*

RAMESES.

Brother—

MEMNON.

Forgive me.—

RAMESES.

You're to blame——

MEMNON. [*Pointing after her.*]

Look there,
My heart is bursting.

RAMESES.

With revenge?

MEMNON.

And Love.

RAMESES.

Revenge!

MEMNON.

One dear embrace; 'twill edge my sword.

SYPHOCES.

No, *Memnon;* if our swords now want an edge,
They'll want for ever; to this spot I charm thee,
By the dread words, Revenge and Liberty!
This is the crisis of our fates; this moment
The guardian gods of *Egypt* hover o'er us;
They watch to see us act like prudent men,
And out of ills extract our happiness.
My friends, these dire calamities, like poison,

May have their wholesome use: This sad occasion,
If manag'd artfully revives our hopes;
It gives *Nicanor* to our sinking faction,
And still the tyrant shakes.

RAMESES.

My father comes;
Or snatch this moment, or despair for ever:
While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

Enter NICANOR.

NICANOR.

Why have the gods chose out my weakest hours
To set their terrors in array against me?
This wou'd beat down the vigour of my youth,
Much more grey hairs, and life worn down so low.
Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a thread of misery:
The longer life, the greater choice of evil;
The happiest man is but a wretched thing,
That steals poor comfort from comparisons;
What then am I? Here will I sit me down,
Brood o'er my cares, and *think* myself to death.
Draw near, *Rameses;* I was rash erewhile,
And chid thee without cause—How many years
Have I been cas'd in steel?

RAMESES.

Full threescore years
Have chang'd the seasons o'er your crested brow,
And seen your faulchion dy'd in hostile blood.

NICANOR.

How many triumphs since the king has reign'd?

RAMESES.

They number just your battles, one for one.

NICANOR.

True; I have follow'd the rough trade of war
With some success, and can without a blush
Review the shaken fort, and sanguine plain.
I have thought pain a pleasure, thirst and toil
Blest objects of ambition. I remember
(Nor do my foes forget that bloody day)
When the barb'd arrow from my gaping thigh
Was wrench'd with labour, I disdain'd the groan,
Because I suffer'd for *Busiris'* sake.

RAMESES.

The king is not to blame.

NICANOR.

Is not the prince his son?

RAMESES.

But in himself——

NICANOR. [*Rising in passion.*]

And has he lost his guilt,
'Cause he has injur'd me? Erewhile thy blood
Was kindled at his name.—Didst thou not tell me
A shameful black design on poor *Amelia?*
O *Memnon!* what a glorious race is this,
To make the gods a party in our cause,
And draw down blessings on us!

MEMNON.

He that supports them
In such black crimes, is sharer of their guilt.

NICANOR.

Point out the man, and, with these wither'd hands,
I'd fly upon his throat, though he were lodg'd
Within the circle of *Busiris'* arms.

RAMESES.

He that prevents it not when in his power,
Supports them in their course of flaming guilt;
And you are he.

NICANOR.

Thou rav'st.

SYPHOCES.

The army's yours:
I've sounded every chief; but wave your finger,
Thousands fall off the tyrant's side, and leave him
Naked of help, and open to destruction:
But sweep his minions, cut a pander's throat,
Or lop a sycophant, the work is done.

NICANOR. [*Starting.*]

What would you have me do?

MEMNON.

Let not your heart
Fly off from your own thought; be truly great;
Resent your country's sufferings as your own:
A generous soul is not confin'd at home,
But spreads itself abroad o'er all the public,
And *feels* for every member of the land.
What have we seen for twenty rolling years,
But one long tract of blood! or, what is worse,
Throng'd dungeons pouring forth perpetual groans;
And free-born men oppress'd! Shall half mankind
Be doom'd to curse the moment of their birth?

Shall all the mother's fondness be employ'd
To rear them up to bondage, give them strength
To bear afflictions, and support their chains?

SYPHOCES. [*Kneeling.*]

To you the valiant youth most humbly bend,
And beg that nature's gifts, the vigorous nerve,
And graceful port design'd to bless the world,
And take your great example in the field,
May not be forc'd by lewdness in high place,
To other toils, to labour for disease,
To wither in a loath'd embrace, and die
At an inglorious distance from the foe.

RAMESES. [*Kneeling.*]

To you *Amelia* lifts her hands for safety.

MEMNON. [*Bursting into tears.*]

To you—To you—

NICANOR.

By heav'n he cannot speak.—I understand thee:
Rise—Rise—my son: Rise all; your work is done;
They perish all; these creatures of my sword.
Have I not seen whole armies vaulted o'er
With flying jav'lins, which shut out the day,
And fell in rattling storms at my command,
To slay, and bury, proud *Busiris'* foe?
He lives and reigns; for I have been his friend:
But I'll unmake him, and plough up the ground
Where his proud palace stands. [*Exit.*

MEMNON.

O my *Mandane!*
The gods by dreadful means bestow success,
And in their vengeance most severely bless:
From thy bright streaming eyes our triumphs flow,
The tyrant falls, *Mandane* strikes the blow:
So the fair moon, when seas swell high, and pour
A wasteful deluge on the trembling shore,
Inspires the tumult from her clouded throne,
Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone;
And all the distant ruin is her own.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Field.

Enter Busiris *and* Auletes. *An alarum at a distance.*

BUSIRIS.

WELCOME the voice of war! Tho' loud the sound,
It faintly speaks the language of my heart;
It whispers what I mean. But say, *Auletes*,
What urge these forlorn rebels in excuse
For choosing ruin?

AULETES.

Various their complaints:
But some are loud, that while your heavy hand
Presses whole millions with incessant toil
(Toils fitter far for beasts than human creatures)
In building wonders for the world to gaze at,
Weeds are their food, their cup the muddy *Nile*.

BUSIRIS.

Do they not build for me? Let that reward them.
Yes, I will build more wonders to be gaz'd at,
And temper all my cement with their blood.
Whose pains and art reform'd the puzzled year,
Thus drawing down the sun to human use,
And making him their servant? Who push'd off
With mountain dams the broad redundant *Nile*,
Descended from the moon, and bid it wander

A stranger stream in unaccustom'd shores?
Who from the *Ganges* to the *Danube* reigns?
But virtues are forgot.—Away—To arms!
I call to mind my glorious ancestry,
Which, for ten thousand rolling years renown'd,
Shines up into eternity itself,
And ends among the gods. [*An alarum.*

Enter MEMNON.

AULETES.

The rebel braves us.

BUSIRIS.

Hold! let our weapons thirst one moment longer;
And death stand still 'till he receives my nod.——
Whom meet I in the midst of my own realm,
With bold defiance on his brow?

MEMNON.

The slave,
Whom dread *Busiris* lately laid in chains;
An emblem of his country.

BUSIRIS.

Is it thus
You thank my royal bounty?

MEMNON.

Thus you thank'd
The good *Artaxes*; thus you thank'd my father.

BUSIRIS,

What I have done, conclude most right and just;
For I have done it; and the gods alone
Shall ask me Why: Thou liv'st, altho' they fell;
And, if they fell unjustly, greater thanks
Are due from Thee, whom e'en injustice spar'd.

MEMNON.

Thy kindnesses are wrongs; they mean to sooth
My injur'd soul, and steal it from revenge.

BUSIRIS.

Turn back thine eye; behold thy troops are thin,
Thy men are rarely sprinkled o'er the field,
And yet thou carriest millions on thy tongue.

MEMNON.

All thy blood-thirsty sword has laid in dust
Are on my side; they come in bloody swarms,
And throng my banners: Thy unequall'd crimes
Have made thee weak, and rob my victory—

BUSIRIS.

Ha!

MEMNON.

Nay, stamp not, tyrant; I can stamp as loud,
And raise as many dæmons at the sound.

BUSIRIS.

I wear a diadem.

MEMNON.

And I a sword.

BUSIRIS.

Yet, yet submit, I give thee life.

MEMNON.

Secure your own:
No more, *Busiris*; bid the sun farewell.

BUSIRIS.

Busiris and the sun should set together:
If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,
Know thou, I fall like some vast pyramid;
I bury thousands in my great destruction,
And thou the first.——Slave! in the front of battle;
There thou shalt find me.

MEMNON.

Thou shalt find me there,
And have well paid that gratitude I owe. [*Exeunt.*

A continued alarum.

Enter MYRON *and* NICANOR, *meeting.*

NICANOR.

Does not mine eye strike terror through thy soul,
And shake the weapon from thy trembling arm?
Base boy! the foulness of thy guilt secures thee
From my reproach; I dare not name thy crime.

MYRON.

Old man, didst thou stand up in thy own cause,
I then should be afraid of fourscore years,
And tremble at grey hairs; but since thy frenzy
Has lent those venerable locks to cast
A gloss of virtue on the blackest crime,
Accurst rebellion! this gives back my heart,
With all its rage, and I'm a man again.

NICANOR.

Come on, and use that force of arms I taught thee;
I'll now resume the life I gave so late.

MYRON.

I grieve thou hast but half a life to lose,
And dost defraud my vengeance—At my touch,
Thou moulder'st into dust, and art forgotten:
[*Preparing to fight,* Myron *stops short.*
Ah, no, I cannot fight with thee; begone,
And shake elsewhere; thou canst not want a death
In such a field, though I refuse it to thee:
Rameses, *Memnon*, give them to my sword,
Sustain'd by thousands; but to fly from thee,

From thee, most injur'd man, shall be my praise,
And rise above the conquest of my foes.

NICANOR.

'Tis not old age, th' avenging gods pursue thee!

[*He retires before* Nicanor *off the stage.*

A loud alarum.

Enter BUSIRIS *and* AULETES, *in pursuit.*

BUSIRIS.

'Tis well; I like this madness of the field:
Let heighten'd horrors, and a waste of death,
Inform the world, *Busiris* is in arms:
But then I grudge the glory of my sword
To slaves and rebels; while they die by me,
They cheat my vengeance, and survive in fame.

AULETES.

I panted after in the paths of death,
And could not but from far behold your plume
O'ershadow slaughter'd heaps, while your bright helm
Struck a distinguish'd terror through the field,
The distant legions trembling as it blaz'd.

BUSIRIS.

Think not a crown alone lights up my name;
My hand is deep in fight. Forbid it, *Isis!*
That whilst *Busiris* treads the sanguine field,
The foremost spirit of his host should conquer
But by example, and beneath the shade,
Of this high-brandish'd arm. Did'st thou e'er fear?
Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear;
'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,

Thy master is immortal, O *Auletes.*——
But while I speak, they live!
Where fall the sounding cataracts of *Nile,*
The mountains tremble, and the waters boil;
Like them, I'll rush; like them my fury pour,
And give the future world one wonder more.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MYRON, *engaged with a party: His plume is smitten off: He drives the foe, and returns.*

MYRON.

When death's so near, but dares not venture on us,
'Tis heaven's regard, a kind of salutation,
Which to ourselves our own importance shews:—
Faint as I am, and almost sick of blood,
There is one cordial would revive me still;
The sight of *Memnon*; place that fiend before me:—
[*Exit.*

Enter MEMNON.

MEMNON.

Where, where's the prince? O give him to my sword!
His tall white plume, which, like a high-wrought foam,
Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,
Shew'd where he swept the field; I follow'd swift,
But my approach has turn'd him into air.——
[*Enter* MYRON.
The fight but now begins!

MYRON.

Why, who art thou?

MEMNON.

Prince, I am—

MYRON. [*Disdainfully.*]
Memnon!

MEMNON.

No—I'm *Mandane.*

MYRON.

Ha!

MEMNON. [*Striking his own head and breast.*]

She's here, she's here, she's all: Her wrongs and virtues!
Virtues and wrongs! Thou worse than murderer!

MYRON.

I charge thee name her not; forbear the croak
With that ill-omen'd note.

MEMNON.

Mandane!

MYRON.

Be it so.
When I reflect on her mean love for thee,
And plot against my life, my pain is less.

MEMNON.

'Tis false; she meant, she knew it not; *Rameses,*
He, only he, was conscious of the thought.

MYRON.

Then I'm a wretch indeed!

MEMNON.

As such I'll use thee:
I'll crush thee like some poison on the earth;
Then haste and cleanse me in the blood of men.

MYRON.

I thank thee, for this spirit which exalts thee
Into a foe I need not blush to meet:
Now, from my soul, it joys me thou art found;
And found alive: By heav'n, so much I hate thee,
I fear'd that thou wast dead, and hadst escap'd me:

I'll drench my sword in thy detested blood,
Or soon make thee immortal by my own.
Villain!

MEMNON.

Myron!

MYRON.

Rebel!

MEMNON.

Myron! [*They fight.*

MYRON.

Hell!

MEMNON.

Mandane!

MYRON. [*Falls.*]

Just the blow, and juster still,
Because imbitter'd to me by that hand
I most detest; which gives my soul an earnest
Of vast unfathomable woes to come;
That dreadful dow'ry for my dreadful love.
I leave the world my misery's example;
If us'd aright, no trivial legacy. [*Dies.*

Enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

My lord, I bring you most unwelcome news:
As poor *Mandane* wander'd near the field,
In hope to see her injuries reveng'd,
Thoughtless of any sufferings but the past,
A party of the foe saw, seiz'd, and bore her off.

MEMNON.

Vengeance and conquest now are trivial things;
Love made their prize. 'Tis impious in my soul

To entertain a thought but of her rescue:
Now, now, I plunge into the thickest war,
As some bold diver from a precipice
Into mid ocean, to regain a gem
Whose loss impoverish'd kings; to bring it back,
Or see the day no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MANDANE, *prisoner.*

MANDANE.

A gen'rous foe will hear his captive speak;
A benefit thus, kneeling, I implore:
Let one of all those swords that glitter round me,
Vouchsafe to hide its point within my breast.

Enter MEMNON.

MEMNON.

Ah villains! cursed Atheists! Can you bear
That posture from that form? What, what are numbers,
When I behold those eyes! Not mine the glory,
That singly thus I quell a host of foes.
Inhuman robbers! O bring back my soul!
[*They force her off. He rushes in upon them, and is taken.*
Poor comfort to mankind, that they can lose
Their lives but once—But, oh! a thousand times
Be torn from what they love.

Enter RAMESES.

RAMESES.

Far have I waded in the bloody field,
Laborious through the stubborn ranks of war,
And trac'd thee in a labyrinth of death;

But thus to find thee!—Better find thee dead!
These slaves will use thee ill.

MEMNON.

Of that no more:
Myron is dead, and by this arm.

RAMESES.

I thank thee:
All my few spirits left exult with joy;
I'll chase and scourge him through the lower world.

MEMNON.

Alas, thou bleed'st!

RAMESES.

Curse on the tyrant's sword;
I bleed to death: But could not leave the world
Without a last embrace. Just now I met
The poor *Mandane*.

MEMNON.

Quickly speak. What said she?

RAMESES.

Nothing of comfort; cease to ask me farther:
If you meet more, your meeting will be sad.—
Your arm! I faint.—Ah! what is human life?
How, like the dial's tardy-moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.
Farewell: I pity thee. [*Dies.*

MEMNON.

Farewell, brave friend!
Would I could bear thee company to rest;
But life in all its terrors stands before me,

And shuts the gates of peace against my wishes.—
Do I not hear a peal of distant thunder?
And see, a sudden darkness shuts the day,
And quite blots out the sun!—But what to me
The colour of the sky? A death-cold dew
Hangs on my brow, and all my slacken'd joints
Are shook without a cause.—A groan! From whence?
Again! And no one near me? Vain delusion!—
I fear not vain! I fear some ill is tow'rds me,
More dreadful sure than all that's past.—*Mandane!*
I hop'd she was at peace, and past the reach
Of this ill news; but such my wayward fate,
I cannot ask a curse, but 'tis deny'd me:
And could I wish I ne'er could see her more?

Enter MANDANE, *guarded.*

MANDANE.

This is my brother: A short privacy
Is a small favour you may grant a foe.

GUARD.

Let it be short; we may not wait your leisure.

MEMNON.

'Tis wond'rous strange; there's something holds me from her,
And keeps this foot fast rooted to the ground.
This is the last time I shall ever pray. [*Kneeling.*
To me, ye gods, confine your threaten'd vengeance,
And I will bless your mercies while I suffer!

[Memnon *and* Mandane *advance slowly to the front of the stage.*

MANDANE.

What didst thou pray for?

MEMNON.

For thy peace.

MANDANE.

'Twas kind.
But oh! those hands in bonds deny the blessing,
For which they earnestly were rais'd to heav'n—

MEMNON.

I fear so too: What we have yet to do
Must be soon done: This meeting is our last.
How shall we use it?

MANDANE.

How! Consult thy chains,
And my calamities.

MEMNON.

Sad counsellors,
And cruel their advice—Are there no other?

MANDANE.

I look around—and find no glimpse of hope;
A perfect night of horror and despair.

MEMNON.

Of horror and despair indeed, *Mandane*:
Canst thou believe me? Nay can I believe
Myself? The last thing that I wish'd for was—'Tis false!
The weight of my misfortunes hurts my mind.

MANDANE.

Was what?

MEMNON.

I dare not think; to think is to look down
A precipice ten thousand fathom deep,
That turns my brain!—Oh! Oh!

MANDANE.

Memnon, no more:
That silence, and those tears, need no explaining;
And it is kind, with such severe reluctance,
To think upon my death—though necessary.

MEMNON.

Ah hold! You plant a thousand daggers here:
Talk not of dying—I disown the thought:
Right is not right, and reason is not reason;
All is distraction, when I look on thee.
O all ye pitying gods! dash out from nature
Your stars, your sun, but let *Mandane* live.

MANDANE.

No; death long since was my confirm'd resolve.

MEMNON.

Myron is dead.

MANDANE.

What joy a heart like mine
Can feel, it feels——Had he been never born,
I might have liv'd—'tis now impossible.

MEMNON.

This even to my miseries I owe,
That it discovers greater virtues still,
In her my soul adores.——O my *Mandane!*
O glorious maid! then thou wilt be at peace—
[Memnon *walks thoughtfully, then returns.*
Must I survive, and change thy tenderness
For a stern master, and perpetual chains?
Long may I groan on earth to sate their malice,
Then through slow torments linger into death,
No steel to stab, no wall to dash my brain!

MANDANE.

Ha!

MEMNON.

Why thus fix'd in thought? What mighty birth
Is lab'ring in your soul? Your eyes speak wonders—

MANDANE.

Will not the blood-hounds be content with life?

MEMNON.

Alas, *Mandane!* No; they study nature,
To find out all her secret seats of pain,
And carry killing to a dreadful art:
A simple death in *Egypt* is for friends.

MANDANE.

O then it must be so!—and yet it cannot!—

MEMNON.

What means this sudden paleness?

MANDANE. [*Feeling in her bosom, she swoons.*]
Heav'n assist me!

MEMNON.

My love! *Mandane!* hear me, my espous'd!
My dearest heart! the infant of my bosom!
Whom I would foster with my vital blood.

MANDANE. [*Shews a dagger.*]
'Tis well; and in return, I give thee—This.

MEMNON.

Millions of thanks, thou refuge in despair.

MANDANE.

Terrible kindness! Horrid mercy! Oh!
I cannot give it thee.

MEMNON.

Full well I know
Thy tender soul, and I must force it from thee.
[*As he is struggling with her for the dagger, she speaks.*]

MANDANE.

My lord! my soul! myself! you tear my heart:
Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through all my veins;
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?

MEMNON.

Now, monsters, I defy you: Fate forbids
A long farewell: My guard may interpose,
And make your favour vain—Thus, only thus.
Embrace.
And now—[*Going to stab himself.*]

MANDANE. [*Holds his arm.*]

Ah no! Since last I saw thee, thrice I rais'd
My trembling arm and thrice I let it fall.—
If you refuse compassion to my sex,
Memnon betrays me, and is *Myron*'s friend.——
As I a poniard, you supply an arm,
And I shall still be happy in your love.

[*After a pause of astonishment, he sinks gently on the earth.*

MEMNON.

From dreadful to more dreadful I am plung'd,
And find in deepest anguish deeper still:
I can't complain in common with mankind——
But am a wretched species all alone:
Must I not only lose thee, but be curs'd
To sprinkle my own hands with thy life blood?

MANDANE.

It cannot be avoided.

MEMNON.

Nor perform'd.
Lift up my hand against thee as a foe!

I who should save thee from thy very father,
And teach thy dearest friends to use thee well,
Make kindness kind, and soften all their smiles?
O, my *Mandane!* think how I have lov'd!
O, my *Mandane!* think upon thy pow'r!
How often hast thou seen me pale with joy,
And trembling at a smile? And shall I——

MANDANE.

Myron!

[*At that* MEMNON *starts up suddenly.*

MEMNON.

Ah hold! I charge thee hold! One glance that way
Awakes my hell, and blows up all its flames:——
The world turns round; my heart is sick to death!
O my distraction! perfect loss of thought!

MANDANE.

Why ſtand you like a statue? Are you dead?
What do you fold so fast within your arms?
Why, with fix'd eye-balls, do you pierce the ground?
Why shift your place, as if you trod on fire?
Why gnaw your lip, and groan so dreadfully?
My lord, if I have spent whole live-long nights
In tears, and sigh'd away the day in private,
Only oppress'd with an excess of love,
O turn, and speak to me.

MEMNON.

And these, no doubt,
Are arguments that I should draw thy blood.—
No child was ever lull'd upon the breast
With half that tenderness has melted from thee,

And fell like balm upon my wounded soul!
And shall I murder thee? Yes, thus—thus—thus.—
[*Embracing some time.*

MANDANE.

Alas! my lord forgets we are to die.
[Memnon *gazes with wonder on the dagger.*

MEMNON.

By heav'n I had; my soul had took her flight
In bliss—Why, is not this our bridal day?

MANDANE.

That way distraction lies.

MEMNON.

Indeed it does.

BOTH.

Oh! Oh!

MANDANE.

Th, sighs and groans are sharper than thy steel.
The guard is on us.

MEMNON.

Then it must be done.
Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning.
Though blood start out for tears, 'tis done—But one,
One last embrace.
[*As he embraces her, she bursts into tears.*
Let me not see a tear—I could as soon
Stab at the face of heav'n, as kill thee weeping.

MANDANE.

'Tis past; I am compos'd.

MEMNON.

And now—and now.

MANDANE.

Be not so fearful; 'tis the second blow
Will pain my heart—indeed this will not hurt me.

MEMNON.

O thou hast stung my soul quite through and through.
With those kind words: I had just steel'd my breast.
[*Dashing down the dagger.*
And thou undo'st it all——I could not bear
To raze thy skin to save the world from ruin.

MANDANE. [*Stabs herself.*]

If you're a woman, I'll be something more.—
I shall not taste of heaven till you arrive. [*Dies.*

MEMNON.

Struck home—and in her heart—She's dead already;
And now with me all nature is expir'd.——
My lovely bride, now we again are happy,
[*Stabs himself.*
And better worlds prepare our nuptial bow'r.—
Now every splendid object of ambition,
Which lately, with their various glosses, play'd
Upon my brain, and fool'd my idle heart,
Are taken from me by a little mist,
And all the world is vanish'd. [*Dies.*

A march sounded. Enter NICANOR, *and* SYPHOCES, *victorious.*

NICANOR.

The day's our own; the *Persian*'s angry pow'rs
Have well repaid this morning insolence,
And turn'd the desperate fortune of the field,
By sure, though late, relief.

SYPHOCES.

Nicanor, friend,
I from the city bring you welcome news:
My guilty letter from the amorous queen

I spread amongst the multitude; while yet
Their blood was warm with reading the black scroll,
Myris, to view the fortune of the fight,
Leaving her palace for the western tow'r,
Was seiz'd, torn, scatter'd, on the guilty spot,
Where her great brother fell.

NICANOR.

The gods are just.

SYPHOCES.

See where *Busiris* comes; your royal captive,
In his misfortune great; an awful ruin!
And dreadful to the conqueror!

NICANOR. [*Advancing, sees the bodies.*

Sad sight!
A sight that teaches triumph how to mourn,
And more than justifies these streaming tears,
Even on the moment that my country's sav'd
From sore oppression, and inglorious chains.
[*He falls on his attendants.*

A great shout. *Enter* BUSIRIS, *wounded.*

BUSIRIS.

Conquer'd? 'Tis false; I am your master still;
Your master, though in bonds: You stand aghast
At your good fate, and, trembling, can't enjoy.
Now, from my soul, I hug these welcome chains
Which shew you all *Busiris*, and declare
Crowns and success superfluous to my fame.——
You think this streaming blood will lower my thought;
No, ye mistaken men, I smile at death;
For living here, is living all alone;

To me a real solitude, amid
A throng of little beings groveling round me;
Which yet usurp one common shape and name.
I thank these wounds, these raging pains, which promise
An interview with equals soon elsewhere.
[*He sees* Memnon.]
Ha! dead? 'Tis well: He rose not to my sword;
I only wish'd his fate, and there he lies.
Some, when they die, die all; their mould'ring clay
Is but an emblem of their memories;
The space quite closes up thro' which they pass'd:
That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity:
My name is writ in mighty characters,
Triumphant columns, and eternal domes,
Whose splendor heighten our *Egyptian* day,
Whose strength shall laugh at time, till their great basis,
Old earth itself, shall fail: In after-ages,
Who war or build, shall build or war from me;
Grow great in each as my example fires:
'Tis I of art the future wonders raise;
I fight the future battles of the world.——
Great *Jove*, I come! *Egypt*, thou art forsaken; [*Sinks.*
Asia's impoverish'd by my sinking glories;
And the world lessens, when *Busiris* falls. [*Dies.*

SYPHOCES.

Bear the dead monarch to his pyramid;
And for what use soe'er it was design'd
By that high-minded, but mistaken, man,

There let him lie magnificent in death;
Great was his life, great be his monument;
And on *Busiris'* nephew, young *Arsaces*,
Of gentler spirit, let the crown devolve.
From this day's vengeance, let the nations know,
Jove lays the pride of haughtiest monarchs low;
And they, who, kindled with ambitious fire,
In arts and arms with most success aspire,
If void of virtue, but provoke their doom,
Grasp at their fate, and build themselves a tomb.

EPILOGUE,

BY A FRIEND,

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

THE race of critics, dull, judicious rogues,
To mournful plays deny brisk Epilogues:
Each gentle swain, and tender nymph, say they,
From a sad tale should go in tears away;
From hence quite home should streams of sorrow shed,
And, drown'd in grief, steal supperless to bed.
This doctrine is so grave the Sparks won't bear it;
They love to go in humour to their claret.
The Cit, who owns a little fun worth buying,
Holds half-a-crown too much to pay for crying:
Besides, who knows, without these healing arts,
But love might turn your heads, and break your hearts;
And the poor author, by imagin'd woes,
Might people Beth'lem *with our Belles and Beaux?*
Hence I, who lately bid adieu to pleasure,
Robb'd of my spouse, and dear virgin treasure;
I, whom you saw, my despairing, breathe my last,
Am free and easy, as if nought had past;
Again put on my airs, and play my fan,
And fear no more that dreadful creature, Man.
—But whence does this malicious mirth begin?
I know, ye beasts, you reckon it no sin.
'Tis strange that crimes the same, in diff'rent plays,
Should move our horror, and our laughter raise.
Love's Jove secure the comic Actor tries;